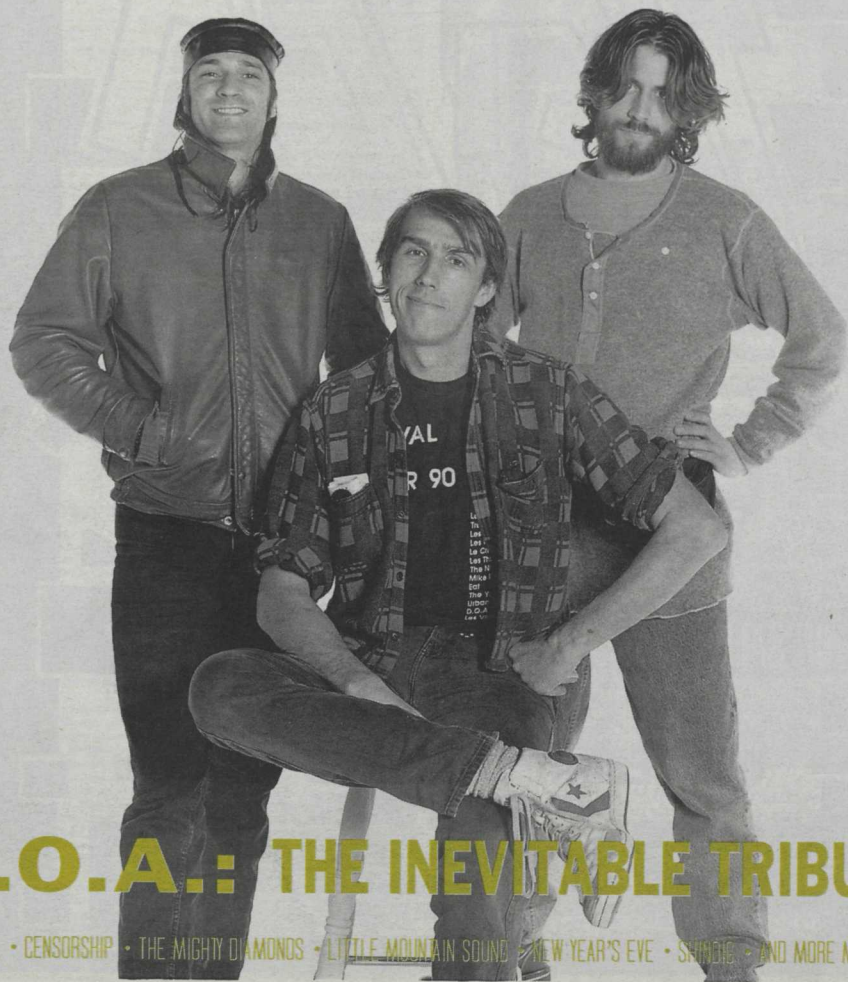


DISORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CiTR 101.9 fm JANUARY 1991 FREE



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DISCORDER

JANUARY 1991 - ISSUE #96

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D.O.A. shot by Leonard Whistler with his Mamiya RZ 67 camera. Wimpy never showed up for the session.

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CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of stereophonic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the lower mainland except Shaw in White Rock. Office hours for CTR, Mobile Sound, and Discorder are M-F, 10-4. Call CTR DJ line @ 228-CTR, our offices @ 228-3017, our news + sports @ 222-2487, fax us c/o CTR @ 228-6093, or write Discorder, #233-6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 2A5

the cow's head chronicles. it's those damn kids!!! those kids with their boom cars and big hair have to be dropped ok they may not all have big hair but there are a lot of young fashion victims out there and they're making my life a living hell i know i'm getting old and by all accounts i'm becoming the thing that in my youth i feared most ie my own father but those kids it's those kids they just don't have any respect for us old guys in my youth i may have been seen near a 7-11 or two hanging out scooping chicks and telling lies to passers by all in order to look cool to my peers but what is the deal with robson street? it all seems so futile to me i realize this is the new power generation and it's cool to say no and all that but where's the fun in driving up and down the same street all night? what happened to the good old days when you borrowed dad's car usually obtained by cutting the grass and weeding his lawn while he sat inside watching the rams game sucking on a cold one, went down to the liquor store, conned some old guy into buying you a couple cases of beer and set out to scare some old women that was entertainment it was a hell of a lot better than just cruising it was cruising with a purpose now it's four guys in a honda civic with 5000 watts of power booming mc hammer who quite frankly is as lame as they come and looking like they don't want to meet any of those fine young women hanging out in groups of five or more looking good these young people should be out locking lips in the back seats of those hondas or going to parties and doing some damage to their livers instead of engaging in this unproductive waste of natural resources though while it may be true that they are carpooling they really aren't getting anywhere another thing i used to have to borrow my dad's car which was definitely no babe magnet in order to get to where the party with the hostess with the mostest was now it seems once you turn 16 you automatically get a full-on cruising vessel complete with del stereo and supply of ice-1 and heavy d tapes what is the deal? did i get in the wrong line when they were handing out the obtain more wealth than your parents ever dreamed of pamphlets? i'm not trying to elude to any wrong doings or criminal activities it just pisses me off that i have to work so damn hard and i don't get that kind of action so what's the deal old guys? are we pissed off or are we jealous? or do we just not understand? is it that we can't get down robson on friday to get some pizza or is it that those young women look so fine but we could go to jail for even thinking what we're thinking? maybe it just shows that vancouver doesn't have anything for the youth of today to do oh well i'm not here to solve any urban problems but kids there are so many other ways to piss off your parents and old people in general this weekend go test your liver a little turn up on a few carpets and maybe even borrow a car with a big back seat you'll never look at robson street the same way again, by garnet harry

GOING to a Go-Go?



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#7 ALEXANDER GASTOWN

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ISK CONFUSION?

Since Mr. Brown is so against these "decadent cults" he must be in favour of deprogrammers. I'll give him my address so he can hire some guys to kidnap me, force me to take drugs, drink beer, have meaningless sex and eat Big Macs. Then I'll be a normal guy and good ol' Gave wouldn't mind hanging out with me then.

abandoning one's family and job. According to the Vedic custom the wife is taken care of by the remaining family and society. She is treated much like a widow, for her husband is considered materially dead.

and alert. It is not possible to understand higher spiritual truths, or even to remember your name, when your intelligence is polluted by intoxicating substances. Staying away from gambling reduces our tendency to cheat and helps to keep one's mind focused on spiritual topics, not on our own material gain.

Give it a try Mr. Brown, you just might like it.

way society wants you to. Hey, isn't that what hardcore is supposed to be about?

JANUARY CONCERTS

TUESDAY 1-
THURSDAY 3

Closed

FRIDAY 4

From Los Angeles, Epitaph Recording Artists **BAD RELIGION** with special guests **COFFIN BREAK**

SATURDAY 5

GREEN HOUSE with guests **CATHERINE WHEEL**

SUNDAY 6

Showcase

MONDAY 7

Showcase with **THE DIVINERS, SALLY CAN'T DANCE, and THE FINKS**

TUESDAY 8

CHARLES ON CHARGES with guests **P.K. RIPPER**

WEDNESDAY 9

ULTRAMARINE with guests

THURSDAY 10

EVIL TWANG with guests

FRIDAY 11

Columbia Recording Artists from Seattle **ALICE IN CHAINS**

SATURDAY 12

T.T. RACER

SUNDAY 13

SOUL SURVIVORS

MONDAY 14

Showcase with **THE LOCOS** plus three other bands

TUESDAY 15

BOOGIEMEN, SPACES BROS., MEDUSA'S RAFT and R.M.I.

WEDNESDAY 16

KELLY BROCK AND THE CELEBRATION with Y-KNOT

THURSDAY 17

Open

FRIDAY 18

LAST WILD SONS

SATURDAY 19

HARDROCK MINERS

SUNDAY 20

Open

MONDAY 21

Showcase

TUESDAY 22

GRAFFITI with special guests ALLAN HAMMER

WEDNESDAY 23

DEAD HEAD COOL and PURPLE CITY

THURSDAY 24

Open

FRIDAY 25

TOASTERS from New York

SATURDAY 26

SHE STOLE MY BEER

SUNDAY 27

OH YEAH

MONDAY 28

Open

TUESDAY 29

Open

WEDNESDAY 30

SHE with guests

THURSDAY 31

From Newfoundland, **THOMAS TRIO AND THE RED ALBINO**

THE TOWN PUMP

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CONT'D FROM PAGE 5...

Bhagavad Gita and Monkey on a Stick (John Hubner and Lindsey Grison, 1988) and make up your own mind.

JELLO 1...

Dear Airhead,

I am responding to the review of the NOMEANSNO Jello Biafra show. What was this Bruno person thinking about. I can't see how anyone could possibly criticize Jello for the work he does. When you see a band, don't they usually do songs from an LP or anything else they have recorded, why would you think Jello would do anything different. And just how many times has this guy seen Jello perform. What Jello is saying is important and we are lucky he is free to say what he wants. Because if we don't fight for our rights as musicians and artists you might not see or hear Jello Biafra, or any other band you might happen to like. And as far as Jello sporting a goatee, WHO CARES. We should all be free to look and dress the way we want, it is such an unimportant point (besides I thought his goatee looked cool!) Over all I thought it was a GREAT SHOW!! and a important one for the scene (what's left of it).

H.P.

...2...

Dear Airhead,

After I saw Bootsauc at the Town Pump and Jello Biafra and NoMeansNo at the Commodore, I was really anxious to see what the inevitable Disorder™ review would be like for these two concerts. Liked them. I really like Bootsauc, and I think every other member of the capacity audience did too. I didn't like it when some guy jumped on my head trying to get on the stage, but that's beside the point. But anyway, Bootsauc were like a cross between... well, one of the guitarists looked like Flea with long hair. The music was hard and fast and funky and (dare I say it?) totally awesome. I was pretty disappointed with the Beat Assimilator's excuse for a review. No offence, Beat, but I think Bootsauc deserved more than four mostly lame questions.

As for the NMN-Jello show, I thought it was one of the best (punk/hard-core/loaf & fast) concerts I have ever seen. I'm pretty new to the Dead Kennedy's and Jello Biafra, so I'm not as jaded as Bruno, but I thought Jello's performance was really great. Some DK's music would have been good, but NoMeansNo more than made up for it. As for the stage diving, what can I say Bruno? I always thought that was part of the scene. They were playing at the Commodore, not the Orpheum. And I didn't have to really worry about jack-boots until I saw D.O.A. & GBH Dec. 1, but that's beside the point.

Mike Fitzpatrick

P.S. What happened to Roland?

...3!

Dearest Airhead:

RE: Bruno's Review of NOMEANSNO/Jello Biafra

Who is Bruno and who could care anyway? More importantly

though, who let him wank out his whiney little opinions about Jello Biafra and NOMEANSNO? First of all, the "Quincy punk" behind him who asked where Legal Illumination was from was probably only making a joke that went well over Bruno's thick head. Even if he wasn't there's no need to explain to the rest of the Disorder readership how to read a poster. And Shovhead sounds like Yes at the wrong speed!! I guess Bruno must have suffled a lot of glue in his past... and this, as well as his witless taste in music, I could forgive him, but where does anyone involved in any way with underground post-punk "alternative" music get off calling Jello Biafra "paranoid" and a "geek"? Jello has contributed more to both underground music and the fight for freedom of speech than virtually anyone else ever. How can anyone deny it, let alone call his credibility into question because he didn't shoot his ridiculous. Was he supposed to show up in a purple mohawk? Is his voice too nasal?

Mr. Biafra's "rhetorical and reactionary spoken rants" do have a point, although missed by many: to raise consciousness and awareness about the overwhelming crimes of world governments, specifically the U.S. and its allies. I'm terribly sorry Bruno if you've heard what he has to say before, but I assure you there are still literally billions who haven't. If you're around the space shuttle, isn't a big enough issue to beat into the ground, what is? Bruno's attitude of "I've heard this before" is exactly the sort of short-term attention and ignorant, vapid apathy that requires Mr. Biafra to repeat himself. So continue jacking about blacklists Bruno, and I'll continue wondering: when they kick at your front door, how you gonna go? It's been a long time since punk rock, and this alone is a telling comment on how grim our current socio-political situation really is. So next time, like the song says Bruno: "Trash a Bank if you get real balls".

Veheemently,
teD dAVE

P.S. NOMEANSNO is one of my very favorite bands, and, I agree, seeing them is always a treat. Thanks for playing "No Paradise" boys, catch you next time. Also, thanks to Murray Action for last month's Airhead letter.

While it's debatable whether Jello has contributed more to "the fight for freedom of speech than virtually anyone else ever," you are right about Bruno. How dare a jaded whiney witless thickheaded goateed wanker criticize Jello. After all, Jello was up there fighting for everyone's (except Bruno's) right to have an opinion and express it, no matter how unpopular or controversial. Another thing for you to chew your cud over, teD dAVE: the person who let Bruno "wank out his whiney little opinions" is the same editor who posted your letter here.

Confidential to M.F.: The man's name is the BEAT ASSASSINATOR. He did an INTERVIEW with Bootsauc. Before you start bitching, get the facts straight (or at least read carefully). Roland is kaput.

NO, NOT THAT BETTY COOPER
Dear Airhead:

Murray Action's wonderfully worded letter (except for the misspelling of "alot") was a blessing to my morning. I, as a woman, have always disliked many of the Dayglo Abortions' lyrics—but that has not stopped me from seeing their gigs and enjoying at least the musical side of it.

Freedom of speech is as important as food and water, my only concern being the sentence: "Anyone can tell a lie if they know without a doubt what truth is." This destroys his whole concept. This just might lessen the flow of the truth to stamp out lies... maybe I'm just splitting hairs... but... more knowledge does not mean more lies... which, I know, is what Murray dear meant to say. Thanks for listening.
Yours Truly,
Betty Cooper

For more Murray Action viewpoints, check out our censorship article on page 13.

CZECH THIS OUT

Dear Airhead Sir,

I am writing to you in the name of the independent Czech periodical VOKNO (Window in English). I should like to ask you for help. Even though it may sound strange, VOKNO can be said to have been, very probably, the last truly underground periodical in Europe. The radical tumult in Czechoslovakia has made it possible for the two editors of VOKNO to be set free, and they are both out of prison now.

As you may know, all that happened in late November 1989, just when VOKNO celebrated 10 years of its underground existence. What a strangely impressive balance sheet: 10 years—15 issues—and a total of 15 years in prison for the two leading editors, Ivan Tlupa and Frantisek Sarsk who are not terrorists, but were prisoners of conscience. Their only crime was their hard work for an alternative cultural periodical, work often judged by the authorities of the totalitarian state as highly subversive. I know that it is difficult for you to visualise the conditions in which we had to work in the past; perhaps it will be easier for you to imagine the difficulties we are now facing in having to start, more or less, from scratch. For many years we had been condemned to live and work in conditions of a special kind of information blockade: and we are now turning to you to help us in clearing away the ruins of that blockade. We are hoping to provide a kind of modest information centre, a kind of stock of cultural information from all over Europe, so that we are able to pay, and find yourselves in a position to help us in this. It would be an expression of solidarity. We shall be happy if you can send us your periodical but the convertibility of the Czechoslovak currency is still a distant future dream, so that we are unable to pay, and anything you are able to send will have to be a present.

We shall be grateful for any kind of help and expression of solidarity.
Yours sincerely,
Lubos Drozd
Editor - VOKNO



This is a test.
Randomness has infested the planet.
I repeat: randomness has infested the planet. Especially after a December 10 upset which saw Za Za and the Angels take Medusa's Raft by a nose. One very large nose. But suffice to say fellow finalists Bent and Windwalker

were not assailed by the sound stylings of Medusa in the Shindig final. Instead, Za Za and the Angels added their subtle wanderings to the evening. Like The Maisha Trilogy, Za Za operates on a very hypnotic level. One could call it relaxation, or one could call it sleepy. Either way it's dreamy.

But more to the point, what did

Medusa miss out on?

The answer is concrete enough: tons of fabulous prizes. But let's talk about the fabulous First Prize: 24 hours at Mushroom Studios (album quality), 20 hours at Fluid Studios (album quality), and, the real cream, an opening spot for an out-of-town band on a Periscope production (the big boys).



Please note: 2nd and 3rd Prizes ain't so bad either.

How many 44 hour sessions does it take to cut a 45 minute record anyway? A fair question, since possibly the only (absolute) rule in Shindig is No Vinyl (participants cannot have released an album in public prior to entrance). I'm not talking about the dangers of hurling broken records down your street. Functioning in a studio takes practice. Except in the case of Elvis Presley, who was fortunate. He is not the only one. The list of exceptions is longer than a gorilla's arm in the entertainment business.

My hopes are that there is some semblance of reality here and a good

band will pump out a sure-footed demo in this time. A demo is necessary equipment. It allows a band to send tapes, write letters and make phone calls (star stuff). A good gig, the aforementioned cream, is the key to the backside of the music business. Either it's a hell of an opportunity or a soft push into the lion's jaws.

So, in sum, Shindig is a very good start.

Congratulations to this year's finalists and especially 1990 Grand Prize Winners Windwalker!

P.S. All this time I've been saying, "You and Beethoven, / you and Beethoven," while holding lips to crossed fingers.

PRELIMINARY ROUNDS	SEMI-FINAL ROUNDS	SHINDIG GRAND FINAL
SEP 10th ELBORE JAMES TOXIC JIMMY VASECTEMOIDS		
SEP 17th BENT PICTURE PAINTINGS SUN DOG SUN	OCT 1st BARON VON FOKKER BENT TOXIC JIMMY	
SEP 24th BARON VON FOKKER DARKLING THRUSHES PHINEAS GAGE		
OCT 15th PURPLE CITY SHINY GREEDY WINDWALKER		
OCT 22nd AUNT ACID SMILEYS SUPERCONDUCTOR	NOV 5th RATTLED ROOSTERS SUPERCONDUCTOR WINDWALKER	DEC 17th BENT WINDWALKER ZA ZA & THE ANGELS
OCT 29th FROM BEYOND NAKED YOUTH RATTLED ROOSTERS		
NOV 19th BLUE LAW MEDUSA'S RAFT WATER POETS		
NOV 26th BUCK NAKEDS THE SESSION ZA ZA & THE ANGELS	DEC 10th MAISHA TRILOGY MEDUSA'S RAFT ZA ZA & THE ANGELS	
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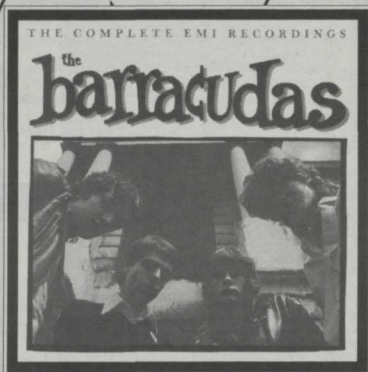
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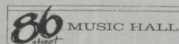
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My Favourite Moment of 1990, or, I'd Have Preferred Aunt Bea's

In this past year of Twin Peaks, with its visions and premonitions, it was ironic that I had my own premonition in a Chicago hotel room in August while watching an episode of Mayberry RFD. It featured Otis the Drunk being shuffled off to do his dry-out time at Aunt Bea's rather than the town lock-up which was full of moonshiners. Very ominous. Four hours later, I found myself enjoying the incarceration that Otis never got, courtesy of the Chicago PD and the Cook County Illinois Penal Service.

There I was with my two amigos Chuck the art dude from Toronto and Alexi the theatre dude from New York, cruising along in search of the Windy City's watering holes. A certain illicit substance, whose users have included the rich, the poor, and the Vice-President, was produced. We began to imbibe. A car rolled up carrying two white guys dressed so straight-looking as to make them invisible; suddenly they were out and on us. The substance was quickly tossed and our evening with Chicago's finest began.

Cop Number One, sporting the mandatory 'stache and a cheapo Hawaiian shirt, yelled "You guys are smokin' somethin'!" "Nah, not us. Must be some other guys. We're just walkin'," said Alexi in his best Brooklynese. "You guys think I'm stupid?" said Hawaiian shirt. He and his partner, a guy looking even dorkier with an "I'm bad" unshaven face combed with a leisure shirt, poly-pants and runners, had us do the spread-em against their car and the bad-ass talk began.

"You guys holdin' anything? If I search ya will I find anything?" Hawaiian shirt asked. We answered no in unison. Poly-pants, wielding a flashlight com nightstick, said he'd seen where we'd tossed "it" and proceeded to look in the wrong direction. Hawaiian shirt produced two sets of bracelets and cuffed the three of us together. Poly-pants returned without the evidence. No evidence no arrest, right? Wrong! Into the back seat we went and off for a little ride.

At this point I thought, OK, they're gonna play good-cop/bad-cop with us: "What d'ya think, should we run 'em in? I don't know. Maybe we should." Tell us about how stupid drugs are and then let us go. I turned out to be partially right; they proceeded to tell us what a nice neigh-

borhood we were in—only moderate amounts of graffiti and garbage—and how its respectable inhabitants paid a lot of money not to be harassed by hoods like ourselves. Then they went through the speech about how narcotics possession is a felony and we could be looking at some serious problems. As they rambled on, the three of us sat there like kids listening to their parents give them one of those "when I was your age" speeches. But the little 'round the block ride I'd expected ended up becoming a quick tour of the city culminating with us pulling up in front of Barney Miller Land, otherwise known as the old precinct house.

Hawaiian shirt, having finished the lecture, asked us "How much money you got? Anya you guys got more'n fifty bucks?" We looked at each other and the notion struck me that yes, Virginia, this is how big city cops operate. For fifty bucks each they'll offer to take care of all the paperwork and let us go. Wrong again. Hawaiian shirt went on to explain that if we had more than fifty bucks we'd be required to post bail, so we should hide any money we had. At this point our attitudes began to change. We realized these guys were serious about ONE JOINT! We stuffed our cash down our crotches and they led us into the station.

When you're led into a police station in handcuffs, and you start mingling with large shitkicker-red-neck-cops and lowlife street trash, it's hard not to hit the panic button. But the three of us avoided the urge to yell "Look, what're you doing? You don't have any evidence, so you don't have us for possession and you got no case, so let us go!" because there's no percentage in arguing with cops, especially in a foreign land. Instead we sat quietly as Hawaiian shirt and Poly-pants filled out their arrest report and made quasi-racist comments about how easy it was dealing with us as opposed to their usual clientele. Then they explained the deal we were going to get.

"We'll charge ya with cousin's a disturbance and set the bail at fifty bucks, but ya don't gotta pay it," said Hawaiian shirt. "An' we'll set the trial date for September 26th, but ya don't gotta appear. An' we'll just check ya for priors an' you'll be out inna hour. Still time to get to the bar. The other guys'll be drunk, the



ladies'll be yours, right?" Moments later we were facing two ugly fat greasy jailers who wouldn't have looked out of place robbing graves. They had us empty our pockets, pull our shoelaces and belts, and have a seat in a nice empty cell. The jaildoor slammed shut and we exchanged can-you-believe-this-bullshit looks. Alexi wanted to start ranting and raving, but shortly after moving in we were given a cellmate.

Our first guest of the evening was an inebriated black guy whose first utterance, after checking out the accommodations and sprawling on the other of the cell's two benches, was "I'm tired of talkin' to you motherfuckers!" He rolled over as if to sleep, lay there motionless for a few seconds and then got up. He asked me for a cigarette, banged the bars a bit, and asked again. This was to go on all night, like a broken record from hell. "Hey man, ya gotta cigarette? No? That's okay, I think I got one (banging on the bars). Hey! You gotta let me outta here! These other motherfuckers can stay, but I gotta get out! I got important business to attend. I gotta eat! I'm ready to post bail! Could you please let me out? Hey man, can I borrow a cigarette?" All this interspersed with people in other cells yelling for our roomie to shut up.

About thirty minutes later we heard commotion outside the jail and the grave robbers reappeared with a black guy who was bleeding and obviously upset over the prospect of incarceration. They wrestled with him in front of our cell, and then we had our second guest of the evening. The notion that someone's pugilistic skills were about to be tested crossed all three of our minds. However our new friend opted out of violence and instead conducted the ranting and raving that Alexi had missed out on.

"White-ass pussy motherfucker smashed me inna face!" the bleeding guy said as he bounced off the cell walls. "Pussy white motherfuckin' cop smashed me! Hey, you guys Arabs? Where ya from?" "Canada," said Chuck. "I heard about you motherfuckers." "Hey, shut up," yelled the drunk. "Tryna sleep!" "You shut up!" said the beat-up guy. Then the drunk was up, the two interfaced briefly, then performed a conciliatory African-American handshake. Shortly after that, one of the grave robbers showed up with a police lieutenant

and the beat-up guy was removed from our cell for a little chat. Later he was taken to another cell, no doubt after being told that if he'd forget the little matter of being assaulted by an officer, they wouldn't make him spend anymore time in a cell with three causing-a-disturbance types.

All was quiet now, sort of. Alexi tried to conduct some form of pseudo-zen meditation to kill time, Chuck attempted sleeping on the concrete floor and I sulked and looked at my watch. The drunk slept on the other side of the cell between bouts of "Hey man, you got one of them cigarettes?"

We then received our third roomie of the evening, a young guy who was neither beat-up nor drunk, instead he was just BAD. His first action upon arrival was to call out to the other cells to see if he knew anyone. He proceeded to chat long distance with a colleague who had been incarcerated for a parole violation. Tiring of eavesdropping, the drunk told the new guy to shut up. The new guy flashed his colours. "Don't fuck with me, man! I'm a fuckin' gangsta, man! I fuck you up!" Surprisingly, the drunk apologized and asked for a cigarette. He was rebuffed. The gangsta pointed at us. "Where they at?" "I don't know man. That's their thing over there. This our thing here!"

As if on some strange cue, the drunk came over and asked me for the 80th time for a cigarette. He tried the gangsta again to see if perhaps he was holding out. The gangsta exploded. "Look! I already told you! I don't have a motherfuckin' cigarette! They don't have a motherfuckin' cigarette! Now get outta my face, or I'll fuck you up!" The drunk dutifully passed out and the gangsta reciprocated by going through the drunk's pockets and taking his cash. As they say, snooze ya lose.

Finally, three and a half hours after we first got tossed in the can, after I was sure we'd either been forgotten, or they'd found out Alexi was an illegal alien, or worst of all, some clerical error had us being shipped to the State Pen in Joliet, we were freed. After lacing and belting ourselves we returned to the scene of the crime. There, lying on the ground as plain and obvious as two white coats in K-Mart clothes, was a healthy-sized roach. We smoked it. Fuck you, grave robbers. Fuck you, Hawaiian shirt. FUCK YOU, AMERICA!

by Jerome Broadway

JANUARY 1991 9



COFFIN BREAK by Mikey and Gav

Coffin Break are a three-piece from Seattle who play a raw mixture of hardcore punk and grunge. They have several singles, an EP and an album, *Rapture*, on Seattle's C/Z Records and a recent Sub Pop 7": "Lies" b/w "Pray." After a blistering set at the Cruel Elephant that had even the most jaded and destitute members of the early punk scene dancing, we cornered the band for interrogation. On guitar and vocals is Peter, on bass and vocals is Rob, on drums is Dave.

You're the most polite band we've ever seen! You apologize to people. You thank people for holding up your microphone stand...

P: We hate pretentious asshole musicians!
R: It doesn't pay to piss people off. **D:** We don't like to be bridges... It's just not worth it, you know? We are just good-natured young boys.

Do your mothers still like you?

D: Yes, our mothers all support us.
P: Well, not totally. My mom's not too thrilled on the "Just Say No to Religion." She actually loaned us some money to do T-shirts "as long as you don't put that 'Just Say No to Religion' crap on it!"

You guys tour constantly, obviously to get exposure. Is that part of your philosophy?

R: I've got a good quote from Phil in Slam Suzanne. He said "Well, didn't everyone tour? That's what I thought." You know, it's like, that's what we expected. It kind of went along with playing gigs at home, then you want to tour. It's a natural progression, and that's what you want to do. And people go "why do you tour so much?" and it's like, you tour in the spring, you tour in the fall. Doesn't everybody do that?

What kind of a band would you
10 DISCORD

get now in a place like San Francisco compared to your first tour?
P: We actually drew really good in San Francisco now. When we played by ourselves the first time, we probably played to like 50 people, and the last time we played for about 600 people.

D: We didn't wait till we sold a lot of vinyl to tour. We actually toured on a single that nobody had really heard of. It was rough. Spend \$3 a day, make like \$75 a night. Now it's easier. We've got more records, more touring. We know ourselves better.

On the posters you're billed as "Sub Pop/C/Z Recording Artists," but almost all of your records are on C/Z.

R: We put a single out on Sub Pop. At first we approached them. We wanted to put out our first single with them, and they said "Yeah, great." We went ahead and gave them the artwork and they bailed on it, and then they would have nothing to do with us. They would distribute us, but they wouldn't have us on the label. And then, all of a sudden they go "We'll give you money to do a single." So we went "Okay fine. We'll do it." Why not? We gave them the artwork and the songs. It's not like a normal Sub Pop band which is like "We're going to give you the artwork and we're going to tell you what to play." So we did one single and that's it.

P: We also put out the single hoping that some people might pick it up that normally wouldn't pick up a Coffin Break record, 'cause you know Sub Pop is so fuckin' cool and all that.

D: The depressing thing is that Sub Pop is bigger than any band on the label. They're doing something right, but something wrong too.

Do people in Seattle generally like

you?

R: Well...

D: Yeah! Yes they do!

P: Okay, yes they do.

R: We don't get a crowd like Nirvana or Mudhoney or any of those bands, but we're building a decent audience, we haven't played, like, a bar in a long time.

Do you prefer all ages gigs?

P: Definitely. It's way more fun.

Is the business side of all-ages questionable?

P: Yeah, you sometimes can get screwed. But we still so much more merchandise at all ages shows it usu-

ally makes up for the business aspect. The thing is, the kids that put on all ages shows have good hearts. They're not some slummy bar owner that's out to screw you. They want you to play their city, so they pay you enough that you'll want to come back.

R: We'd rather do that than make \$300 in a bar where you have to go, like "Look, we had four people on the guest list, and you're going to charge us for this or that." You have to nickel and dime everything.

You just recorded material for a new album which is due out this spring. Are you happy with it?

R: You heard it tonight.

P: We're trying to release albums less than a year apart, which we've done so far. Someday we'll probably settle in, but we have like, fifty-five songs, and only about thirty released.

D: Plus all the compilations that we're doing.

P: We're going to do a Rave Records split single with Victim's Family.

Let's play word association. Heart.

P: Not much.

R: Queen Ann.

D: Magnolia: that's a part of Seattle.

Tad.

D: Fat.

I: I went on tour with him for six weeks. He's a good guy, but he's got his moods just like everyone else. And my lasting impression of him was... Tad you're a good guy!

D: Kless.

R: Talentless.

I: I disagree! They've gotten better. My word is "guts" for them.

Sir Mix-a-Lot.

D: The only rap we really listen to is Ice T.

P: I listen to NWA.

R: I listen to fuckin' "We got to pray, pray just make it today." Amen!



A Few Words with the Band by Mindy Abramowitz

Eggplant is a band I happened upon one fateful day while browsing through the CTR listening room. Their second and most recent album, *Sad Astrology*, revealed itself to be fresh and interesting. On that self-same day, I discovered to my delight that Eggplant was on tour from California, and would be playing at the Town Pump. I eagerly agreed to interview them. It was thus that I ventured out to Gastown on a cold and drizzly Tuesday eve to meet singer/guitarist Jeff Beals, singer/guitarist Jon Melkerson and bassist John Kelly.

What did you guys do today?

Jeff: I went to the Beatles Museum and got a couple pins.
Jon: We went to a game room and then we went to Nelson's—the bar underneath—and we saw a strip show. Then we took a nap.
Jeff: Then you did laundry.
Jon: Yeah, we did our laundry today.

Big day in Vancouver. I thought you would've gone to Science World; your album cover made it seem like you're really into rocket science.

Jon: We probably did the typical thing, but it was within walking distance...

Where does your name come from?

Jeff: We kind of wanted a name that wouldn't pin us down, so that we could play all kinds of music, 'cause we get bored sometimes. So one day we were all listening to that Beatles song. The one that goes "I am the walrus..." Uh, they go "Coo too ca joo, we are the eggplant..." And we went, "Wow, eggplant, that's a cool name."
Jon: But then you went to the museum today and you found

that's not what they say.

Yeah, isn't it "We are the eggmen"?

Jon: Now maybe it's too late to change our name, 'cause we just signed a ten record contract and we have to keep the same name.
Jeff: Yup. Ten records and fifteen years!
John: I want out of this band!

If it's a good name. Do you like the vegetable at least?

Jeff: Well, I tried it, but...
Jon: It's failed the test every time.

How did you guys get together?

Jon: In high school. We just played on and off, and eventually just got more and more serious, until the next thing we know, we're playing shows in our area. Then we decided to put a tape out and it got picked up and then from then on it just happened.

I heard some Beach Boys influences on *Sad Astrology*.

Jeff: That's what people have been saying! We never thought that, but the producer on this, about a week after we got into the project, went

out and got *Pet Sounds*. We're not even into the Beach Boys.

Well, do you surf?

Jeff: Yeah, we all do that. Maybe that's where it came from.
John: "Sad Astrology" sounds like "The Blob" the way you guys do your vocals during the quiet part. It's kind of cool...

"Sad Astrology" is a cool song. I like the story behind it [a girl who promises her boyfriend that "she would love him" till the stars fell from the sky].

Jeff: It's kind of like those songs I used to hear on the Oldies station; [there's one in which] this girl was crying about how she would love this guy till the rivers ran dry and time stopped and until the stars fell from the sky. So I was thinking what a bummer it would be if the stars did fall from the sky. I made a little Super 8 video. The whole thing happens like a big nightmare. After the song ends, the guy meets up with the girl again and she says, "Oh, I still love you!" and he goes, "You do?" She says "I'll love you until time stops!" The last thing you see is he looks at his watch and taps it.

Have you thought about doing videos?

Jeff: Well, yeah. When we get back from our tour. Our manager has been setting it up. We talked to a guy who goes to UCLA film school and he's really interested in working on it. He thinks along the same lines as the thing I did before, even without seeing it.

How about your gigs; what kind of crowds do you play to?
Jeff: It's really mixed. You've got the really arty-looking folks and then there are the regular college kids, too...

Jon: When we played in Seattle we played to these three Deadheads. It was hilarious. They asked us to go mushroom picking with them. Back at home it's pretty diverse, too. We're not like a big attitude band! We're not like a Sub Pop band. A lot of people can like us; a lot of variety. My mom can like it and some intense biker can like it too.

John: Yeah, when we played with the Young Fresh Fellows there were some people who hadn't gone out in years and they liked us a lot. And they were around thirty-five. They bought a tape and everything.

THE WAYNE HORVITZ INTERVIEW

Wayne Horvitz is one of the most accomplished jazz keyboard players around today, collaborating extensively and pursuing a solo career, running his own band and producing. He plays keyboards in John Zorn's jazz-meets-hardcore-meets-movie music project, Naked City, which includes Bill Frisell on guitar, and was recently in town to do a duo show with Frisell as part of the Time Flies improvised music festival. Appearing rather shy and unassuming at first, even embarrassed to be on stage in front of people, he was soon abusing his Grand Piano, throwing his whole weight on the keyboard, leaning into the back to pluck at the bass strings and placing paper and weights on the strings to modify the sound. His use of electronics was equally adventurous, from screaming fuzz-box synth to growing and decaying sample loops and distant echoes. *Discorder* talked to Wayne Horvitz over the phone from his home in Seattle.

You've played in Vancouver as a duo with Bill Frisell: was this a one-off or part of an ongoing tour?
It [was] not part of a tour, it [was] an individual engagement. We do these gigs from time to time, at least a couple of times a year.

Are these shows mostly improvisation or do you have a strict plan?

The first time we did it was sort of by accident. We played in bands together, we did this Walt Disney thing for Hal Wilner [*Stay Awake* various artists covering Disney tunes], and then someone asked us to do a gig, so we put together some material. Once we did a gig in Italy and they wanted film music specifically. But the last couple of times, it has been a few tunes of Bill's, a few tunes of mine, we always do a few pieces that are complete improvisation. So it's a mix.

So it's like taking time off from regular engagements.

Yeah, it really is. It's sort of like the icing on the cake. It's one of the easiest and most pleasurable of concerts.

What is it that attracts you about Bill Frisell's guitar playing?

It's sort of subconscious at this point. We're really good friends, we've played together for so long. I guess initially, when I first heard him, it was his unique choice of notes. People always talk about his sound and I like his sound, but that's not the point. His phrases are unique and very melodic.

There's been a lot said about Bill Frisell's use of electronics. Where do you stand with regard to using electronics in your music?

I've gone from being an innovator to being hopelessly outdated in about two and a half years. I got a DX7 when it was new on the market and I've kind of stuck with it. I'm not interested in anything else really. I use a sampler a little bit. But I like having one keyboard that I know how to program. Even the new DX7 I don't like so much, because you can't manipulate the sounds while you're playing. Most electronic keyboards are set up for doing work in the studio or for use on stage with all the sounds predetermined.

So obviously you prefer the immediacy of playing live rather than studio work?

Yeah, I also don't like having a bunch of keyboards to play.

On a project like Naked City you've got so many different keyboard sounds and styles in very short periods of time. How do you do all that?

Technically, set-up wise, I don't use that many keyboards. There's a little bit of over-dubbing on the records, but all of it we can reproduce live. I use two DX7's, a sampler—mostly for samples of hard-core bands that Zorn made me do—and also acoustic piano which is a large part of the band, as it is in the duo with Bill.

The Naked City music is so complicated, is it still fun to play live?

Yeah, it is fun, 'cause it's kinda this peculiar, complicated madness. It's the first time in my life I've had to do what a traditional rock keyboard player does: fill in all of the holes. And that's a challenge for me, I'd never done much of that. I might literally have five or six different sounds that I'm using on each tune, and so between tunes it's complete madness to change all my settings and get a new set-up. It's particularly strange in John's band because the whole song might only last twenty seconds. It's enjoyable, we never do the same set each night; often we do a new tune each night, that we learn at sound check, so it keeps your mind occupied.

What were your early influences?

Musically, they were rock influences 'cause that was what my elder brothers were into: San Francisco bands, the Stones, the Beatles, Hendrix, that sort of thing. A little later I got interested in electric Miles, Ornette, Cecil Taylor, The Art Ensemble of Chicago.

What sort of training have you had?

I had two years mandatory piano lessons when I was young, then I quit. When I decided I wanted to play a musical instrument, I was infatuated with hard-core blues. When I made up my mind that I wanted to play, I decided to play like Otis Span. Which is a big joke, I'll never be able to play like Otis Span. Later in college, I did study some jazz, but pretty minimally.

What's happening with your band, "The President," at the moment?

It's been on the back burner for a while. I've been doing so much production and stuff, but I've got another record in the works. I'm looking to find some new players, 'cause the problem with the old group was that almost all of them were leaders in their own right, so it was pretty hard to get them all together. I've laid a lot of tracks down already and after Christmas I'll try to go back and wrap that up.

You have lots of projects going on simultaneously, it seems: what is the most important direction for you musically?

I have been producing a number of things and that's been new for me. I produced Bill's last two records, the last couple of records of my own and I'm about to produce a record for The Hieroglyphics, and a big band project called the New York Composers Orchestra, that I play on and write some of the music for as well. As much as I enjoy that, it's not my primary priority. It's still performing my own music and composing. And, to tell you the truth, the constant struggle to learn to play the piano.

by Pete Lutwyche

If you didn't even try to see Snuff and Samiam you suck. These two great bands put on one of the best shows I've seen in years, even better than Verbal Assault in Seattle, or Fugazi—so there! We managed to catch Snuff guitarist/vocalist Andy and Snuff drummer Snuff before their Cruel Elephant show a while back. Unfortunately, we wore out Samiam, except their guitarist James, whilst eating nachos before the interview.

SNUFF

by Flex Your Eric and Ruling Day

What's it like travelling in a van with 9 other guys?

S: It's good as long as you've brought your slippers.

Snuff is still a three-piece?

S: Yeah, unless me brother shows up. In England he shows up with his trombone and just plays along.

So that's your brother that does that on the "Flibbidy-dibbidy-dob" 12"?
S: Yeah...

Any plans for new records?

S: An album, but not till sometime next year.

J: We're going to record another album in December on New Red Archives, we've done our other records.

Are they cool to work with?

J: Yeah, it's Nicky Garrett from UK Subs. He's an honest guy, works really hard at keeping the label going. Totally a great

guy, good label.

What about the poll tax?

A: It's rubbish.

S: Balliffs are supposed to be coming around our house for

the time. They enjoyed themselves didn't they? Big packs of people getting chased by police and chasing police, running around central London. A lot of it was just losing.

Do the police in London carry guns?
S: They only get a gun if something with a gun is reported.

So there's no real problems with people getting killed by guns?

S: It's rare. Lots of knives. A: In pubs it's always class fights...I'm definitely more scared of a gun than of a glass.

SNUFF & CROWD: KAS MASTER

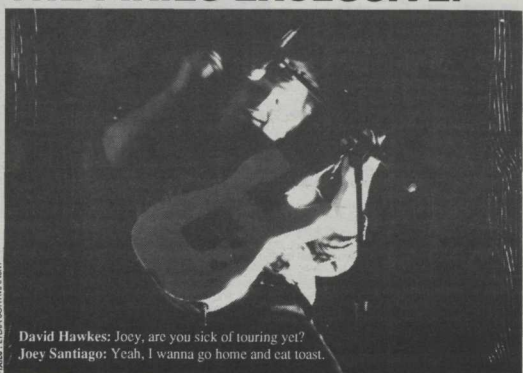


my stereo. They haven't turned up yet and they're six weeks late already.

I've heard stories of how it's so easy to get a handgun in the States.

S: We were in a supermarket and saw them for sale... J: We saw this place in Virginia when we were touring. There was a big sign on a barn that said "MILK AND AMMO."

David Hawkes brings you THE PIXIES EXCLUSIVE!



David Hawkes: Joey, are you sick of touring yet?
Joey Santiago: Yeah, I wanna go home and eat toast.



SKINNY PUPPY by June

Skinny Puppy recently released their seventh album *Too Dark Park*. Currently on a North American tour with Tankhog that wound up at the Commodore December 22, cEVIN KEY called the ol'

Disorder from Dallas, TX.

I really like *Too Dark Park*. It's really different from your other stuff: a lot sparser. Why is that?
Part of the way we ap-

proached this record was very much like the way we used to approach our older recording, not so much our recent last four albums, but the three albums before that. There was more of a spontaneous method of writing and recording. For the other albums what there's been is a lot of preproduction done on the song writing and so in actuality I think...over a period of time there's been more and more time spent things and I think what we were losing was a little bit of the spontaneity involved and the whole fun of working with captured sounds and stuff and working with them immediately as far as coming off the radio airwaves. It's just part of the process this time trying to define what it is that we wanted to do in the future and what it wouldn't want to repeat. So I mean it was a step to an era, backwards, where we were doing things a little differently.

I really enjoyed Cyberaktif (collaboration with Bill Leeb). That was such a low budget recording and it's too bad we couldn't have done more; in reality all that recording is eight-track stuff. It's without any heavy-duty budget or effects or anything; it's totally at home style recording.

What was it like working with (Einstürzende Neubauten's) Bliva?
Well, he came into town and I met him a few times throughout the years, we got

together and he called up the next day when we were in the studio doing Cyberaktif and he wants to come out, so we went to pick him up. We had a song, actually it's a song on the 12", the Mellowdown version, we had that up and it's just sort of a fun thing, we weren't taking it too far. We reworked that song for the album and the album version is completely different and it has him doing the vocals and piano stuff on it; it's radically different from that song on the 12".

Were you happy with *Rabies*?
Like I say to everybody, *Rabies* was like a home away from home: it was a party, it was a holiday, it was a day off, it was everything to do with still being around as yourself but only not doing what you regularly do...As a whole album it's something that represents that whole time period where we were largely just about to fall apart and we did fall apart and our association with (Ministry's) Al Jourgensen was, at the time, fun but God I'm glad that's over with.

I've heard he's kind of overbearing and takes things over.
It's not so much that. He tries to create turmoil within. He likes to watch rats go crazy in a cage, so to speak... He'll throw in adjectives and see what happens and he's really good at that. He's also a nice guy and everything but...he's so heavily into drugs and ev-

everything like that, you can't even go near him without him wanting you to join the club and stick a needle in your arm or do something and we just said "Aw fuck, forget that!" He's going to be dead within a year if he doesn't stop his lifestyle. He's got a revolting thing happening right now in the sense that the people in Chicago really, really hate him now because certain people that have been involved in circles of his have died of overdoses and stuff. Now they've got this big sign outside of the gigs when we pull up: "Alienate Jourgensen: Puppy needs to get rid of this guy" and all this stuff.

Is Ogre still involved with the Revolting Cocks?
He had a falling out with those guys. It's about time, really; he's hopefully concentrating more on this. He's his own character, he's the kind of guy you can't say anything to. He's there for right now and we're putting along and everything looks promising. Our album is selling at the rate of 5,000 a week right now. *Too Dark Park* has once again surpassed the last album. We're up near 75,000 copies sold already.

So you'll be making albums for a while?
Well, as long as we can continue to sell more albums than the last one, to us it's good. But of course, we realize ourselves that we're not trying to get more commercial or anything like that. It just so happens it's working out.

STEEL POLE BATH TUB by felicity dunbar and tom milne



STEEL POLE BATH TUB: (COURTESY, WINDWALKER)

Windwalker have their shit together. Although they've only been gigging for three months now, their set is constantly changing and expanding, incorporating

diverse musical tastes like The Gun Club, Rites of Spring, The Cult, Soul Asylum, Black Sabbath, Fugazi, Short Dogs Grow, Jr Gone Wild and many others. Their music reflects mood and emotion while maintaining a sense of power and presence.

Cheesy Rock N Roll Questions I Asked Windwalker (or questions I copped from the last Bon Jovi interview):

What are your names and previous bands?
Glenn. Reignition. Drums
Anthony. Guano
Blitz. Bass
Philippe. Adversity. Guitar.
Stuart. Silent Gathering. Vocals.

How hard has it been to get shows locally?
P: Not too hard in a sense but it is hard to get on good bills opening for big bands.

Also, one of the only good places to play, The Cruel Elephant, might close down.

What's the groupie scene like?
S: Underage.



What are your future plans?
G: We plan to tour the West Coast, maybe Canada; we recorded a two-song demo live to DAT and are sending it around trying to get gigs.

Any interest from record

labels?
P: We got a letter from MCA who read about us in Seattle's *Backlash*; they want photos and demos.

Would you hesitate to release stuff on a small

WINDWALKER: WINDWALKER

label?
Husker Du, Sonic Youth: small labels and it works maybe try to onto a big label.
Al I wouldn't mind either but it comes down to what we want to focus on: catchy songs or more creative, weirder type stuff.

P: Right now we're just trying to focus on all, bring diversity to the music, but getting involved in a crappy deal puts incredible pressure on the band, like what happened with the Adversity record.

Is the chemistry you have good? Will you stick together?

A: Yes, it's great but Glenn always wants to eat so practice ends early so he can go to McD's.

Anybody want a ask question?

S: Why am I the only person with long hair?

What do you call a band that lives the Bo Diddley philosophy "You should eat all you can whenever you can," gorging itself on Marsha Brady, tulips, Ennio Morricone, Frank Grow, butterflies, crows, Black Sabbath, and various other noises, substances, instruments, collaborators and locations, only to loudly puke it all up again over their listeners?

steel The 2nd [album, *Lurch*] doesn't have a theme at all. [The clip of a girl talking about slashing her throat] was from a suicide teenage self-help tape; I got it from the library. Cause Christina's obviously about suicide.

pole We have a full jazz band that plays in smaller clubs... We don't really have a name, we've only called it the steel pole bath tub quart because there's another saxophone player that plays... We're going to [record]. I'm working on my clarinet; I gotta get better.

bath The Tumour Circus thing is the three of us, Charlie from King Snake Roost and Jello Biafra and we just basically were a band for a week and recorded twelve songs... There's gonna be a collectors' [single] but [it's] the greatest collectors' idea I've ever heard: it's a defective record. It's gonna be a picture disc of an x-ray of a two-headed baby and all the discs are gonna have holes drilled through the grooves... It's totally collectors' but what good is it? You can listen to the first half and then it goes "chunk" and ruins your needle! Totally arbitrary...

tub One thing we're really enjoyed about Canada was the weatherman. His whole mouth was full of novacaine. He'd just come from the dentist! He still went on [We couldn't believe we were here on this day.

WINDWALKER
by Keri-Lynne Leigh

Censorship a/k/a The C-Word is the supervision or the control exercised by any body in authority over

It's been a year in which the word "censorship" has popped up all too frequently, especially in the U.S. in the Live Crew and Ice-T situations. Such cases have sparked lively debate and, as always happens when any issue makes its way into the public forum, there's been an oversimplification of views. Here, one side is painted as a bunch of bloodthirsty savages eager to bring about the ruin of civilization; the other, portrayed as a bunch of honor-than-thou Jesus Christists fringing the mouth in eager anticipation of condemning everyone's life. But issues of censorship involve many other things, all rolled together into one gross oversimplification. That said, I would like to add that I have no intentions of trying to lay the censorship debate to rest once and for all, or even to present an unbiased, objective point of view on all possible aspects of the issue. Instead, I talked to two people who are part of a group which tend to feel the most immediate effects of censorship in our society: the underground artist, or more specifically in this case, the underground musician.

You're probably aware of a recent Canadian contribution to the censorship sweepstakes: the Dayglo Abortions/Fringe Records obscenity case. About two years ago in Nepean, Ontario, the young teenage daughter of a municipal police officer brought home a copy of a Dayglos' record. Daddy was extremely offended by the record's content. Being a cop, he had access to resources which allowed him to get the wheels of justice rolling a little quicker than your average citizen could. He showed the record to his buddies at the station and, thanks to their backing, was able to push what essentially started as a local complaint into the courts. Any defence of the group rested on freedom of expression and the Constitution so the case eventually made it to the Ontario Supreme Court, where a jury decided that the government had no business trying to regulate a person's freedom of expression. Apparently, the Crown was preparing an appeal so it's quite possible the case isn't over yet. And even if it is dead, this case has already had some noticeable effects. I talked to Murray Aon from the Dayglos (before the court case was actually decided) to get his opinion on the whole situation, and Rob Wright of NoMeansNo, who was involved in the recent benefit gig for Fringe records.

Do you think this is a case of a group of concerned individuals trying to do what is morally right, or are their goals more far-reaching? I don't know. I think the police officer who started it is really only motivated by a healthy concern. I think not that it's gotten into the Supreme Court, it's a little more complicated than that. It's hard to tell if the individuals involved are motivated out of concern. I think anywhere that you look, the individuals aren't necessarily bad, it's the whole machine and the group of individuals and the direction they head in, that's the problem. I don't believe that the lawyers for the prosecution actually want to stamp out freedom of thought in our society, but I think their actions could actually end up doing that. Their concerns are valid but it's frightening that some people have the ability to go farther with their concerns than others do, like if I was concerned with something that McDonald's Corp was doing, there wouldn't be much I could do except to protest. I suppose it happens to be a minor nuisance or lawyer like the Supreme Court system and something bothered me or offended me I could go a lot farther.

What would happen if the

Dayglos were convicted? What's already started to happen is that they've started bugging people. The prosecution has a lot of confidence right now; they realize that the defence can't really afford to defend itself that well against the unlimited resources in the government. The prosecution seems to have an eye to the future; if they win the Dayglo court case, then they have the ball rolling and they can go after whoever else they have in mind. I don't think they'll stop with us.

Do they have specific targets? This is a very organized group of people. They're trying to rewrite the Constitution to restrict freedom of expression. What the prosecuting attorney actually said—this is almost a quote. They already have a set precedent in the court system that in order to be protected by the freedom of expression part of the charter what you are saying has to be valuable and pertinent to society as defined by the courts. They want to enforce this, and to me this is completely unacceptable. I hope the courts should be able to define what is valuable to society or even what society is.

What can someone do to combat this drive towards

censorship?

I think one of the things that the prosecution had going for it is that it happened to be the Dayglo Abortions that got busted first. If it was Leonard Cohen, it would be much harder for them to make an arrest for pornography, even though there are bands that sing about things much worse than we sing about, the rights behind our names makes it very difficult to come up with a defence that isn't going to be laughed off the stand. I'd like to see people come out in a general way to speak against restrictions on freedom of expression. I don't think the Dayglos' specific case is as important as what it represents: a restriction of a person's education. I don't think a person can make a rational decision on something in society if they're making decisions from a point of ignorance; they don't know the whole truth anyway because of their restricted education. The more that they're restricted and the less that people are allowed to hear and know, the less quality and the less rational the decisions can become. That's why you get people flocking to organizations like the Klan, just because they don't understand. It all has to do with education that turns the lights on and gets rid of the fear.

For example, if some conservative old guy looks at a punk with orange hair walking down the street he's horrified, because it's something alien and strange. But if he knew the kid, watched him grow up, he'd know it's nothing other than a form of expression and his reaction would be completely different because he was aware and educated about what that person is about. I think the media is the best place for people to spread the word. The media is there, even though it practices self-censorship on itself like it's going out of style, it's the only method by which an individual can express their point of view.

There isn't much of a co-operation anti-censorship movement in Canada as compared to the U.S.

I wish I'd see some sort of response out of the music and recording and at industry itself. But I can't really expect much because the Dayglos always had a pretty raunchy attitude towards that industry. I wish they'd see beyond what we are and perhaps see the dangers that exist for themselves. I wish the letters, but I get more response and get published more down in the States. I've even heard from the Civil Liberties organization in the States, but never from the one in Canada.

Why did you do a benefit gig for Ben Hoffman of Fringe Records?

We also did a benefit gig for Jello when he had AIDS, and it's really enlightened self interest. Bands who work on the fringes of music and dance and who work with small amounts of money are particularly vulnerable to people who would be imposing their own moral judgements on others. I think of a case which has been won by a government about censorship, especially of works of art, but such cases cost tons of money and Ben Hoffman has spent in total almost 85 thousand dollars. That's very close to the point and it certainly would be for any other independent company in Canada. He's not guilty, the verdict comes in not guilty, but next time he gets a record and it has some obscene words on it and some extreme ideas, he's going to get arrested. And that's where self-censorship occurs, the self-censorship; people are too afraid to do what they want because of legal harassment.

Do you think this is the prosecution's intent that they are using the whole situation as an excuse to censor ideas from some of the more fringe elements of society?

Of course, it's the pressure of government to enforce the status quo. I mean going to say that the government is evil and it's pressing down on all at poor folks. There are a lot of people out there who would look at the Dayglos' record and say "Oh, that should be allowed."

Isn't that similar to the way someone on the left might see Nazi propaganda and complain that it shouldn't be allowed?

I think there's a strong line. We're talking about a creative expression, we're not talking about a political pamphlet.

Isn't there a problem with defining that fine line between creative expression and violent, hateful propa-

ganda? That's certainly how your average citizen who doesn't know where a band like the Dayglos is coming from is going to view them. My response to that is don't throw the baby out with the bathwater. There's a lot of good out there and there's a lot of stum, implicit, intrinsic in the society and you just cannot legislate that away. If you try to legislate what you're doing is just cutting your own throat. I think the Dayglos specifically, for their new record they want to their recording studio legacy, in Victoria and I guess told them that their lawyers had advised them that they could be prosecuted for producing obscene material. Instead, they suggested that the Dayglos take the lyrics from their songs and show them to someone in the legal department of the government and get them to say whether they thought that it be prosecuted or not. Is that what we want? Do we want artists having to take their work to a government lawyer and asking "Do you think we can get away with this?"

Especially since many artists participate in the role of commentators on society, which often includes criticizing the government.

If you cut freedom of expression, that's the freedom of expression for even, dido out there with some stupid idea, very manic out there with some violent thought, but if a society is tolerant and it has a sense of value, it's strong enough to make this little slant trail with it, that's people, that's what people are. People are not just noble, moral, good, unadorned, enlightened; they're scumbags as well as the little animals. And I think the Dayglos make a huge and valid point about human nature; songs about dog-farts and Oh Jesus, my shit stinks. People's shit does stink and that's reality to be re-identified with. When the lawyers are good they make a point about everyone being just a little animal and don't take you too seriously.

Mr. Fitzroy (Bunny Diamond) Simpson is a truly genuine person. He took time out of a busy schedule to meet with *Discorder* and share his thoughts and opinions about the music that the Mighty Diamonds have had such a positive influence on. Respect due every time.

The Mighty Diamonds, being an institution in the industry, must have seen a lot of styles come and go in reggae. What changes have you seen in the music; has it developed more into the 'dance-hall' style or has it stayed with the 'roots' style?

Well actually what happened, over the past four or five years, the DJ thing ('dance hall' style) kind of take over, since Bob Marley dead, you know, it's most people think that Bob Marley is the only one who was travelling with reggae, but there is a lot more people. When Bob

want to kind of change up your reggae music, and kind of water it down like for commercial purposes... But if the Diamonds should sign up with a company again, I don't think they can change the Diamonds music, because they tried it once, and we go through rough times after an album called Ice and Fire, we got bad reviews and such, but we go back in the studio and we have to stick STRAIGHT to Jamaican style; we don't have to change much.

Do you find record companies have their own ideas about the sound reggae should have, rather than listening to the authority of Jamaica itself?

Yes... one time we were on with a big company but the contract fell through from 1980, right, ever since, we never get signed with a next company, but it is our strong faith and influence from Jah that keep us going on

more different sound systems playing music in the same hall, competing for the most original and well mixed selection of music [and the precedents they are setting for the always changing face of reggae, but I haven't heard the Diamonds on any dub plate specials as of yet. Are you on any dub plates, and how do you explain this musical phenomenon to people?

Well, I tell you what happening, most of these sounds right now, they've been approaching the artists, they call it specials, like... your sound (system) might have a name, and we just sing this song specially for your sound.

Like specially for "Stone Love" or specially for "Gemini," using their name in the song and changing the lyrics a little bit. Right, a dub plate for your specific sound. A lot of sound (systems) have been approaching the

That's where people go to hear current music, whatever the style may be.

Yes, Bunny Wailer sings dance hall music, but I think some of them getting this thing real mixed up, some think that dance hall music is just drum and bass.

Pure DJ style like Shabba Ranks etc. Right, that's not "Dance Hall" music, that's DJ music.

Just one aspect of reggae.

Exactly, but I don't think that much of them DJ's are going anywhere... I hear people say that the DJ's are more popular, but that is here today and gone tomorrow business. By the middle of next year, I don't think that you are going to see a lot of people around, like now how you see some DJ are hotter than nuff other DJ's, but most DJ can't last longer than nine months... ha-ha...

Interestingly, the sound system featuring Bunny Wailer singing for them, "Silverhawk," boasts having paid him the largest amount ever for any dub plate, demonstrating his popularity and the respect he brings...

Yes, that is very good for the music, and for all artists. In fact, Silverhawk approach us, Gemini approach us, and in the coming year, you are going to hear a lot from the Mighty Diamonds; dub plate, dance hall, studio wise too, there is a lot of things that we have in store for you.

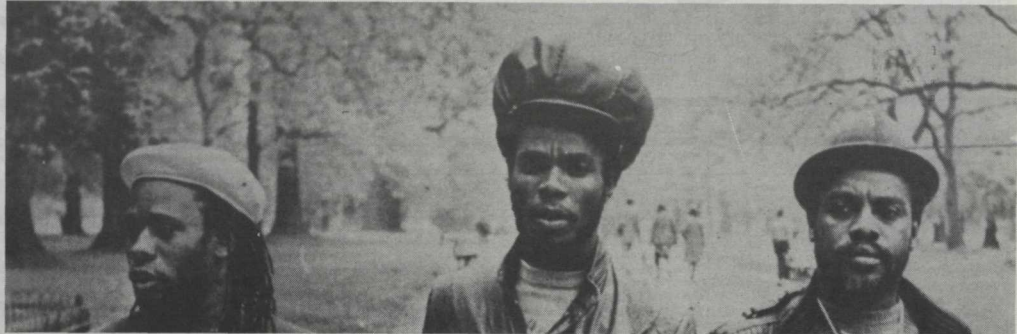
Touring with Messenjah right now, what are a few bands that you see rising, or have a lot of promise?

Well, to tell the truth, I like Messenjah still you know, they are a nice band, and also I have the opportunity to see a band called Lamb's Bread. There are a couple of good bands around, but...

him. If you like, try to change the type of lyrics that he try to put over... like, some people sing protest music and of you take someone who sings protest music and put them on lovers music, that is not really what is inside of him.

That seems to be the key feature in any article or review written about the Mighty Diamonds; sweet harmonies backed by militant lyrics. How do you approach a song when you are writing?

Well it varies, sometimes you have the music first and sometimes you have to make a rhythm to match your melody etc., and sometimes someone will say "Write a song about this or that" but I say "Just write a song." For me personally, I love to write street lyrics. I love to write music about the struggle, cause this is where Mighty Di-



Marley die, reggae music kind of drop, right, but I think it is coming back now. You know, more and more company getting back into it you see, like Virgin record company was in it for a while, kind of faded out a little, and now Virgin back in it you know?

How do you feel about the way commercial radio has not really picked up on reggae, at least to the extent that they did in the late '70s before Marley's death?

Well, you see what really happens, without these record companies behind the musicians, just artists by themselves, you can't really go nowhere. And without a radio station, for somehow or some reason I feel that some people behind the music, at some of the commercial stations, some people hold it back for years now. Like, if you don't be careful, some of these companies

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the road. We are very popular, a lot of people know us, so, we just keep the faith and keep rolling without the backing of a big company, and I hope that one of these days a company will see the Diamonds and put them back on album, because we can really play music you know, do the work. I don't know why, but I think it is from this bad album and bad management in the past that has caused a lot of these problems, but we are still here waiting and working...

Still playing great music... Yeah, and we've been travelling even more places in these times right now. People know the Diamonds all over the world, we're breaking new ground even though we don't have a company, so we just keep working you know?

A lot of people are unfamiliar with sound clashes [two or

Diamonds, as a matter of fact we did one the other day for a sound (system), and a lot of sound man keep coming to us yet we don't really have enough time to do a lot of this work. But I think it is a good idea for reggae, to put all types of artists in the dance hall, because then they playing some DJ music and everybody calling it "Dance Hall" music. But I want to make one statement, I ask some people what they call "Dance Hall" music, 'cause when the Diamonds were making 'roots' music with all their songs, it was dance hall music. ha ha... so tell me really what is "Dance Hall" music? ...Ken Booth make dance hall music, John Holt make dance hall music... Bob Marley make dance hall music... You're an artist and it's your time, you come on the scene, and you reign, but there is always a next artist that come on the scene behind you. Everybody sings dance hall music...

Unfortunately that does seem to be too often the case, except for the truly talented big names like Ninja and Shabba. It's all part of the culture.

In reference to the phenomenon of "specials" do you see any problem with artists such as, like you mentioned, Bunny Wailer going back to old time classic songs, changing some of them around a bit, and adding them to a new, computer based rhythm or primarily drum and bass?

Well I haven't heard the new dub plates with Bunny Wailer as of yet, but Bunny Wailer is a very special type of person, he likes to do his own original type of stuff, and by appearing in the sound system business Bunny is setting them straight, going in there for a purpose, and giving them a proper taste of how music is supposed to be heard, none these slack lyrics and all that.

you see... the problem is that some bands really sound good live, but the trick in this business is to make the record. To make the hit record that can reach out to people: that is really the trick.

How hard is it for a band to keep control of their own sound when they are recording; how established do you have to be before you can have the final say into what your album sounds like?

Well sometime when you sing for producers, they want to direct you and steer you in a direction, but sometime it don't work. You see what really happen, like a producer from Trinidad tell me once, he say that if he is producing an artist, he has to let the artist come out from his inner-man, let the artist put out what inside him. If you try to twist and turn the artist too much you find that you get his music starting to water down, that is not really

amonds really make their break...

Definitely the power behind the music...

Yes the struggle of the ghetto, the struggle of the community, the struggle of the people, write about the liberty day by day, write about the times...

Do you do the majority of the writing or is it balanced between...

Well it balanced between, Judgy write, I write, Tabby write, sometimes we combine... and what been going on now is that I have been doing a lot of producing... for the Diamonds and one or two other people, without a company right? But whenever I find a good song that I'm producing, that is a strong one, I'm going to just keep it in my bag, it's what I'm striving for. That is the direction the Diamonds are working for.

Take a handful of platinum-selling acts, a gaggle of their zealous fans, and cross them with Vancouver City Hall. What do you get?

HARD ROCK AND TRUANCY

by the Man Sherbet

Cinder blocks blanked by a coat of latex beige. Bland and unidentifiable as any back alley walls nearby.

Lying between Fairview's condo-crustured slopes and downtown Mount Pleasant are warehouses, rows of them. A plethora of nondescript companies exist here: printers, computer wholesalers, couriers. Only the strong aroma provided by a coffee company stands out, for it is something unique on streets full of sameness.

A few brave residents are left here, but they're besieged by small businesses all around. Mostly this neighborhood is descended upon by day, by employees who dutifully carry on the production of widgets. However, within one building is the recorded, half-life ambience of a recording studio. Here they've produced the greatest air-

credibility and no selling power, just a famous past. Bruce Fairbairn put them to work, that is, between visits to Alcoholics Anonymous. Their presence at Little Mountain was so nonchalant they rehearsed on the grassy boulevard out front on sunny days. Eventually their album, *Permanent Vacation*, was released and Aerosmith were on the comeback trail.

Two multi-platinum successes proved to the recording industry they were on to something here. Little Mountain Sound, in the backwater known as Vancouver, became THE hot studio. Soon Whitesnake recorded their biggest seller here, Motley Crue did their stint, then The Cult recorded their hit mainstream LP, *Sonic Temple*. A virtual Who's Who of Rock passed through Vancouver to record AND to relax.

Motley Crue first brought the kids out in numbers, and the first fan toting a spraypaint can. The plain back wall of Little Mountain studios subsequently sported the words, painted in black, MOTLEY CRUE ROCKS.

It became customary: the fans needed to get the names of their own favorite acts on the wall. GUNS 'N' ROSES!!!, SKID ROW, AC/DC, POISON, SLAYER, METALLICA. It also became a message board for dialogue between those fans who might have just missed each other. SUE WUZ HERE, POISON SUCKS, and the grateful THANKS BOB ROCK & BRUCE FAIRBAIRN - YER GREAT.

Quite by accident, the plain backside of a building became a landmark. This collection of scrawls represented the spirit of the suburban rock fan. They were the social equivalent of cave drawings left by early man. Someday, 3000 years hence, when Vancouver city is forgotten and Little Mountain recordings are relegated to classic rock playlists, an enterprising archaeologist might have unearthed these writings and surmised we were a culture of rockers.

But two cooks stepped in and spoiled the broth: Vancouver City Hall and David Lee Roth.

The swaggering ex-Van Halen front man is no stranger to the power of rock 'n' roll myth. Dave could spend night after night recounting Van Halen hyperbole. And while he was in Vancouver that's what he did. He'd have a table reserved at the Cecil strip club for him and his cronies, he'd sit to talk and everyone would listen. If common fans got too close, burly men stepped in and ordered them away. This is what Dave meant by getting back to his roots: go to a public place and pay thugs to keep the public back.

Dave's stay in Vancouver was classic hype. First he told everyone he was staying at the seamy Nelson Hotel to make the singer and the band feel rougher. Close at hand cat fights between whores kept him and the boys awake nights, you see. Once, says Dave, he chain-sawed a hole in the wall of a Nelson suite to make it larger. Where did he get the chainsaw? Had he befriended



AEROSMITH - MIKE KLASSEN

ed a logger?

Little Mountain was no longer the "Betty Ford Centre." Thanks to Dave, it had turned into a summer camp, "Meatballs IV" if you'd like. He kept a very high profile, riding his mountain bike around downtown, or between the studio and his real hotel, Le Meridien. And after all this exposure to our fair town Dave concluded, "You know, the best thing about Vancouver ain't the beaches, or the mountains, no. It's the strippers, man!" Perhaps he's right; lord knows Dave has visited more places than most of us.

As a tribute to Vancouver's pronounced best asset, Roth hired the Mad Artist team to airbrush a G-string gal on Little Mountain's back wall. And the cheek!—DAVID LEE ROTH speckled across her bare, swollen chest!

At once the back alley behind Little Mountain Sound was no longer a place of private worship for rockers. Onlookers came, and so did the press. No doubt the hard-core loiterers were incensed. She was a nice-lookin' babe, yeah, but the wall had been desecrated.

The hardest of the hard-core hangers-on were two unidentified girls, described by workers next door as being no older than 16, and dressed like tarts. In good weather they'd stay up most of the night outside Little Mountain. A picnic table sits across the alley where employees of a microfiche company dine and take coffee breaks in summer. Most mornings the staff went out there though, the table was covered in new felt pen doodles, styrofoam coffee cups, and burger wrappers, compliments of the girls.

This pair pushed the bounds of decency when they started writing on the wall. Roth's stripper got the worst of it, and the

rest of the wall was treated to the girls' sac commentary. The wall was ugly, sure. Even without the graffiti it was ugly. But the two girls saw to it that it was profane.

Another unidentified player got involved at this point. Someone painted a bathing suit on Lady Roth one night with a brush and there was no saving her. If our archaeologist discovered the wall in that state, the findings would suggest this was a society in chaos.

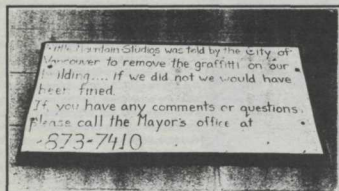
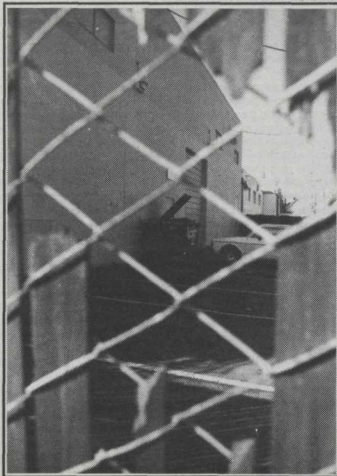
At last, City Hall responded to complaints about the wall. First they notified Little Mountain Sound that they required a permit for their back-alley beauty. Little Mountain applied for the permit which would have cost them \$134.00. But finally the gloves came off. Con-

trary to official policy which says do not censor, the city ordered the studio to paint over the whole wall.

Afterwards, the studio posted a little protest sign directing complaints about the new paint job to the Mayor's office. But complaints are of little use now. It's unlikely Roth will buck-up for a new mural, or that the wall will ever regain its old splendor. At best, we can hope when they're done restoring the Sistine Chapel, they might try their hand at Little Mountain.

Sadly, our archaeologist will conclude that we were a boring lot. Left are cruder blocks blanked by a coat of latex beige. Bland and unidentifiable, with only the memories of what lies underneath.

LITTLE MOUNTAIN SOUND - MIKE KLASSEN



punching anthems of the last decade. This is Little Mountain Sound.

In 1986, a group of generic strutters visited Little Mountain, drawn by the talents of in-house producer Bruce Fairbairn. The act was called Bon Jovi and they recorded *Slippery When Wet*. The LP's title was a tribute to Vancouver strip clubs and the latest on-stage show craze. *Slippery* sold over 8 million copies, it was the number one best seller of 1987. Hundreds of Bon Jovi-types sprang up from that success and a boy can hardly hold a guitar now without having the complimentary streaked hair and point.

The year Bon Jovi was killing them, five more men occupied the studios. When they arrived, haggard and beat, no one thought much of them either. These guys were the Dennis Hoppers of rock. They had little

Little Mountain inadvertently became the Betty Ford Centre of recording studios. A lot of these acts had been on a long binge beforehand. But now Motley Crue boasted that they drank orange juice during strip club visits. Steve Tyler visited the Naam to fuel up on vegetarian dishes. It was a nice marriage: these guys came up to Vancouver to get healthy and record, and we got rock star-sighting reports daily. Did you see Motley Crue jump on stage with those guys at the Coliseum? No, but did you see Bon Jovi jump on stage at 86 Street? And so on.

Bon Jovi and Aerosmith eventually came back to record new albums but it wasn't so sleepy around the studio anymore. The fans began arriving on Little Mountain's doorstep: autograph-seekers, groupies, and kids with nothing better to do.



Saturday,

December 1, 1990: the end of an error. It was to be D.O.A.'s last show ever, and even the signs taped to the door proclaiming a second "last" show ever could not totally ruin the moment we all knew would come sooner or later. After several incarnations, six albums and innumerable other records, the hardest working men in mac jackets had finally packed it in. It was a show where you expected to see faces you hadn't seen for years; some people say that happened. Not to me. In the same vein, you sort of expected there would be a little good-natured spitting, and that maybe Joe would even take a piss off the stage for old-times' sake, but body fluids aren't what they once were, and in a way, neither was the whole scene that night. There were some especially troublesome moments, notably when Joe announced "For those of you at your first Commodore show, we don't throw beer cans at the band." At least someone had the presence of mind to immediately square him in the chest with one. Incidents like this and the money-grubbing second last show notwithstanding, D.O.A. was fucking great that night, and must be remembered for being one of the best bands Vancouver has ever seen. With that in mind, Disorder called several people who we thought, for one reason or another, might have something to say about the whole thirteen-year affair, and asked them for a story. Here is D.O.A., as seen through the eyes of those who in some way were there, makin' the D.O.A. scene.

If anybody asks my most memorable reminiscence about touring with D.O.A. it would have to be the time an unnamed band member gave us all those little, crawly, creepy things... **Dimwit (4 Horsemen and ex-D.O.A. drummer)**

It was Jello Biafra who asked me to book D.O.A. at the Mabuhay Gardens [in San Francisco]. A little before D.O.A.'s sound-check on the day of the gig, their dirty, sweating, smiling roadie, Zippy, came in carrying a bundle of equipment. He was followed shortly by the rest of the guys, each carrying different pieces of their own equipment; they had hitchhiked to San Francisco to play their first real road engagement in the States. This "nothing can stop us" attitude totally knocked me out. I became a fan before hearing D.O.A. play a note. The next show, Joey was banned from the club for having a couple of quarts of Canadian brew backstage (a major negative with the alcohol control folks). Finding himself in the alley behind the theatre, Joey kicked over a few trash cans and was promptly apprehended by two of the city's finest. The cops, though, somehow identified with the angry Joey Shithead, and made him sweep up the alley rather than hauling him off. Later, one of the cops joined Jello in persuading us to let him back in to perform. During the next performance, Joey "whipped it out" and, in a graceful arch, sprayed the audience, resulting in everyone demanding free drinks... **Dirk Dirksen, "The Marlon Perkins" of SF punk**

Yeah, I do have a few stories to tell about D.O.A. There was the introductory phone call to the Georgia Straight from a guy who

called himself Joey Shithead and who had a punk show (one of Vancouver's first) by his band, The Skulls, to announce [and] meeting the very same Joe at Japanese Hall a few weeks later; he was unconscious. [Or] putting D.O.A. on the bill of the first Georgia Straight battle of the bands at the Body Shop on Hornby—this was 1978, remember, and having a punk band in a top 40 club was a willful act of subversion—[and having] to announce that fifteen-year-old Chuck Biscuits had been named best drummer and then run for cover when D.O.A. fans were told the group had lost to a sunny California-style group named Scarecrow. This... reminds me of the debut of The Potatoes. This was February, 1980. The Potatoes were Ron and Grenville (both future members of Bruno Gersusi's Medallion), Dave Saul, and myself [singing and playing drums]. Ken Lester had asked us to play three nights with the band at the Buddha, and as February had been named B.C. Potato Month, the idea of playing our first gig with D.O.A. seemed serendipitous. The agreed upon fee was seven cases of beer. For the first night, I had Don Betts give me a skinhead haircut. It might have been Don's idea of a joke, but I understood him to Chuck Biscuits, at least until he heard our band. "Powerglo," he complained, "I hate pop." Dave, however, who'd made the unfortunate choice of dressing like a member of the Knack (white shirt, skinny tie, vest) was having a little more trouble adjusting to the teeming, gobbling, shorthaired, tattooed masses slamming into one another in front of the stage and never recovered from one punk grabbing his harmonica for a quick blow before handing it back. To its credit, D.O.A. rallied to support us, and even Chuck told us the Potatoes were a much better band by the end of our trial by ordeal. We only ever received six cases of beer, though... **Tom Harrison, Province Rock Columnist**

Wanna know what D.O.A. stands for? The Who. No, that lead guy, what's his name, he's a nice guy, and I have to give them credit for one-umpanship... No Fun could never [have a final concert followed nine days later by another final concert]... **David M (Yeah, that David M)**

My first D.O.A. gig was at a noon-hour concert at West Van High School in 1980. I attended nearby Sentinel, but went down to West Van to see this show. [I think it cost just \$0.4 to get in. The classic D.O.A. line up of Shithead / Rampage / Biscuits had just splintered, and this show featured Joe with Dave Gregg on guitar, Simon Wild on bass, and Andy Graffiti on drums. I recall the audience being divided on D.O.A.'s artistic merit. There was a growing number of people who were into punk rock, and they were all at the first getting gig. In the bleachers, however, were the majority of the audience who were either dumbfounded and silent or loudly vocal about their feelings that D.O.A. was not 'real men's' rock. These were the guys with cords from Bootlegger and feathered hair who were into exciting new bands like Boston. Classic rock now catered to them exclusively. Anyway, D.O.A. dedicated "I Hate You" to them. They were on a mission. There have been many great shows, but the best D.O.A. gig would have to be their inspired performance as an opening act for David Lee Roth at The Coliseum in 1988. Poison ran out of chainspray and couldn't make the show, so D.O.A. filled in. It was a similar situation to the one above; D.O.A. was playing to the unconverted but rose to the challenge admirably. Perhaps the funniest, if not worst D.O.A. gig occurred in 1982 in a warehouse on Hastings across from Woodward's. The



line-up: Shithead, Dave Gregg (sporting a Hare Krishna haircut), Chuck Biscuits on drums, and Dimwit on bass. The show kicked off with the newly re-christened "Fucked Up Ronnie" and the band bumbled through their set in the usual high intensity manner. About half an hour into the show they started a song but Dimwit screwed up the intro and Chuck started yelling at him. This brotherly spat continued until Dimwit threw his bass down and walked off stage. Joe picked up the bass and they did another tune, but something bothered Chuck and he left. Various people appeared on stage to finish the set, but things went quickly downhill. The evening finished with a rasta drummer and a reggae version of some D.O.A. song. As a live band, I think they were one of the best; they encompassed what a rock band should be and didn't take things too seriously. They were the best band in town and now there isn't one... **Ian Noble, Poryscope Productions**

I went to see them playing with Wasted Lives in March, 1979 at the Ukrainian hall there in Burnaby, you know; we borrowed my friend's dad's car, and we went out there to our first punk gig. There we were, standing there in the corner of the room, wearing our Point Grey team jackets, looking sheepishly at the crowd, and Joey Shithead came on stage and yelled "You came here for this!" and unclogged his nose all over the crowd. But when they played they were brilliant, tight, and out of sight. And the crowd went wild... when they finally left the stage, everybody was chanting "D.O.A. D.O.A. D.O.A." and they wanted more, but then Joey came on, and said that someone had beat up the cleaning lady, and everybody had to leave because the cops were there and all, and when we left, sure enough, there were the police and this book-cleaning lady... **Greg Garlick, Disorder Writer**

When I was a little kid, I went with my Mom to a Wendy's burger place on Cambie and I had a single-double-cheese-everything but before I could eat my burger, I had to go to the washroom. Just as I was walking in to the urinal, an unpolitically correct local rocker emerged, much to my surprise and fear. Wow, I said to myself, that's Mr. Joey Shithead of the legendary punk rock combo D.O.A. Later, at the table, still trembling as I slurped up my Frosty, I said "Mom, I just saw Joey Shithead coming out of the bathroom." "I know," she said, "I saw him going up his fly on his way up the stairs." Who'd have thought that years later on my show, Joey would bring up washrooms again, this time by saying "Aargh and like a Serviette—what do you do, you wipe your ass with it? Arr arrr..." **Nardwar the Human Serviette, CITR DJ**

I guess when I think of them, I just think of how much better they got. When they first came to Seattle in 1978, to a club called The Bird, they weren't very good. They were just a primitive punk band: very wild, punk rock; I don't think I would have thought that much about them if it hadn't kept turning them through the years, and they turned into one of the most powerful bands ever. It's really sad that they're breaking up. They were really one of the greatest bands... **Kim Warnick, The Fastbacks**

In 1978, I went out to D.O.A.'s shambling house way the hell and gone out in Burnaby, and interviewed them for Vancouver Magazine. There was a beer strike on so I brought a bottle of vodka out there, and me and Shithead sat around and talked, and finished the bottle of vodka. We'd

heard that some bar out there had some American beer of some sort, so we went out there. It took a long time, and we were drunk as newts on this bus and I kept falling on to other people, which was quite an embarrassment for Shithead, who's quite a big dude, and can drink a lot and not show it. Finally we went in to this bar, where we spent tons of money, and then Joe got into this snit because he was trying to steal this woman's money—she was an old wino—and I wouldn't let him steal it, so we went out to the street, and he said "You think you're fuckin' better than me, don't you?" and I said "No, I think you can't steal that woman's money." I got really pissed off, and I said "Fuck! I don't care. I'll take you on here," so I got my bag off my shoulder, and I took my watch off, and I said "Let's fuckin' do it!" and he just fuckin' grabbed me by the throat, and heaved me over this hedge. So there I was, and we realized the absurdity of it, and went back into the bar. — **Les Wiseman, West Coast Correspondent, TV Guide Magazine**

I was thinking about the time when D.O.A. and Quintessence records were having problems with each other, and one day I came to work and the front windows were totally plastered with D.O.A. posters. I thought it was hilarious, but I didn't think it was so funny when it turned out I was the one who had to clean it off... it took me two hours. D.O.A. were always like that; they had causes, and were sometimes a little narrow-minded and never realized it affected other people. I don't know if I should say this in print, but it seemed D.O.A. were always the first to raise ticket prices. From three to four dollars, then four to five dollars... it seems ridiculous now, but it was a big deal back then. Anyway, I remember at their first or second gig at Japanese Hall when Shithead, a piss off the stage and semicircled the audience—the audience formed a semicircle, but the grossest thing was seeing this guy just standing there just falling on the floor and slipping, and I was thinking "This is fucking sick." In fact the first time I met Shithead was at Japanese Hall. We were sitting at this bench table, and eventually I said "Uh... I know you... you're Shithead! What are you guys doing, are you forming a new band?" and he said "Yeah we're getting a new band and we're gonna be called The Marchin' Morons," which was the original name for D.O.A., but they never played as the Marchin' Morons. Then there was the time I played in The Stimulants with John Doe. I'd never played drums, but I got a call on the night of the show, and they needed a drummer. By 8 p.m. I was playing drums. We were on the bill with D.O.A., The Stiffs, and Victorian Pork and we were fucking awful. After we played, Shithead came up to me and — remember this was only D.O.A.'s second gig — and said "Well, kinda rough there, but ya got the spirit, if you just keep goin', eh." I just thought it was very nice of the guy, I mean... we knew we sucked, but he was always very supportive of musicians around him. Victorian Pork were headlining that night, and they were THE band at the time, people liked them and didn't really like D.O.A. that much, and after they'd played, half the hall was yelling "Victorian Pork! Victorian Pork!" and the other half was "D.O.A.! D.O.A.!" This was a really big change in Vancouver's music thing, because that turned out to be Victorian Pork's last stand. They pretty much broke up after that and D.O.A. became the punk band that they were that night and held the ball from then on. — **Grant McDonagh, Owner of Zulu Records**

I remember we were all out in New York,



and all these people were there, Jello Biafra, Ian Flanders, and so forth, so we had this entourage of about 25 people from the West Coast, and we invaded the New York scene. While we were there, Joe asked me if I would manage D.O.A., and I said "I don't know much about managing a band" and he said "Well, we don't know much about being a band." I met them when I was at Rock Against Racism in Chicago, it was the first one in North America, and D.O.A. was supposed to have a fairly prominent spot, but the old leftists who were putting it on were fairly freaked out by them, especially by the song "Nazi Training Camp" and made D.O.A. play at noon, instead of like 8 p.m., when they were supposed to play. Anyway, my ride met up with this girl, and wanted some privacy, so I asked the D.O.A. guys whether I could get a ride on to New York, and so that's how I first met them. They kept raving about an article I wrote in Public Enemy about Rock Against Racism, where I had used D.O.A. as a bad example; you know, Randy Ramage used to invite the audience to suck his cock and all that, and they kept saying if they could get the guy who wrote that, they'd break his neck and so forth, and of course I was me. When they found out, they just about hit the roof. I thought that was a really good time then. — **Ken Lester, Ex-Manager of D.O.A.**

It was actually pretty funny when we met Ken Lester, he asked us if he could get a ride from Chicago to New York, and we said "No problem." We got to somewhere out there in Ohio, and we were pretty broke, so we said "Ken, now ya gotta buy food, 'cause we got no money and we got no food." He said "Okay, well, I'll get a seven piece Colonel Sanders 'bucket o' chicken," and we said "No, Ken, it's gotta be a 21 piece." "OK, uh, twelve piece." And then we started pummeling him, and then he came back with a 21 piece, because he knew he was going to get left in the middle of Ohio if he didn't come back with the goods. — **Shithead's version as recorded in 1988.**

They were bold and refreshing, and ascorbic in a way. Their songs were real comments on the times, Vancouver's big answer to the Sex Pistols... I was thrilled when they did my song Takin' Care of Business, and they asked me to be in the video with them, and it kind of gave me new perspective on myself seeing my songs done in a more aggressive style for a different audience. Whenever I'd go on stage with D.O.A. it was incredible to see the crowd reaction; I'd only seen that on TV... it was kind of neat. Maybe we can do like these TV shows that go off the air 'cause they don't have good ratings, and all the fans write in and the show comes back on... maybe we could have a movement to bring back D.O.A. Maybe have D.O.A. day every year at the Commodore. I'm sad to see them go—I like the guys very much. — **Randy Bachman, BTO**

Oh, you mean like when Joe pissed over the van... or the time he pissed into the mail slot at the bank, that was fun. Or like how D.O.A. wouldn't let me take off with their van so I could go sleep on Stonehenge. Back in 1982, Joe used to live in the room next to mine at The Plaza, and I used to have to listen to him and his future wife, Laura, "get it on" every morning. EVERY morning. And Joe, even though things got pretty outrageous around here from time to time, he was a bit shy about the noise, and so one morning he stuck his head through the door and goes "Hey! Taylor! What kinda music do you like to listen to?"

and I said "AC/DC! As loud as you can play it!" So every morning I woke up to Hell's Bells. Joe was always really thoughtful... it was a lot of fun living with him. — **Gary Failure, Plaza Resident Since 1982**

I remember when Joe pissed off the stage at their third gig, and of course the last person in Vancouver to ever do that, or anything like that, would have been about four years before, and that was Iggy Pop, but even he didn't go to the extremes he was known for. At the first D.O.A. show this one guy went into the bathroom and slashed off his face with a razor. It was really gorilla. Hmm... I wonder if Joe knows where I live in case he wants to come around and punch my face in. "The Greatest Band With No Integrity" There's a good thing for the band... That's the one place they always failed, all through their career. Like this thing where they played the last show and then they do another show... after the huge buildup to this one night, and not having a second thought about doing this second show. That's the sort of thing they've been doing all along. In some ways that's good; they never think about other people's perceptions of them... I like that idea, but over the years, they've done things to make them look the opposite to what they are. They never thought about things outside of themselves. I think this is one thing that screwed them up a bit. Like Grant (McDonagh) and I have a lot of tapes of their old shows... I don't know if they know about them, but they never had that "Grateful Dead" attitude of allowing anyone to tape their shows, which I think is what it was really all about, but they never seemed to think so. But they were always up front about who and what they were; a lot of bands sort of shy off the political thing because they look for sales rather than trying to say something, but D.O.A. always stuck to it. Which was great. — **Don Betts, Black Swan Records**

The one thing that stands out when I think back to D.O.A. happened at a New Year's Eve gig at Staalig 13 (now a parking lot next to the Vancouver Playhouse offices on West 8th) that featured D.O.A. as the headlining act. Back at the bar (actually a garbage can filled with Hi-Tests and ice) I'd had just enough to drink that by the time the band rolled on stage I was more than ready. Up at the front, dust and spit were flying as D.O.A. peeled through their set, and I was right along for the ride. As they launched into RUCK YOU, my beer-addled brain suddenly decided it would be best for me to jump up on stage. Stage diving wasn't the rage back then, especially with a stage only six inches high, so the next best thing was to grab Wimpy's mic and join in on the chorus. What better way to dust the new band than with a defiant "Fuck You!" (not that that ever occurred to me at the time?) Well, I felt one defiant "Fuck You" in before I fell the sole of Wimpy's boot kicking me flat and hard in the small of the back, sending me flying to the floor, face first, to bite a mouthful of old-car dirt and empty beer cans. I got up, dusted myself off, and waited for someone to say something (or laugh) at me, but no one did. No body gave a shit and the show kept going. Cool. That's just the way things were. — **Bill Baker**



the cruel elephant

COULD AS FUCK

FUCKING DIG IT

SAVES YOUR FUCKING SOUL

Notables from Aug. 2nd on to pre-1980 and I'll mention you love band don't come whining to me. Thanks to all of you who come to the cruel elephant and to those of you that haven't been, my opinion of the spineless masses with which you associate (and maybe belong) is clear. To the rest, a happy new year & here's to a happy healthy music scene in Vancouver for '91.

Band with the most hot & gutters - SUPERCONDUCTOR... Band with the most time changes - SHIVOLING... Band closest to not showing up - COFFIN BREAK... First band to throw up in the parking lot - LK DIRT... Most demonic & cool appearing band - GOD KILLERS... Band that wrecked the most havoc - DAYGLO ABORTIONS... Band that drew the most people into a head ditch bounce off the wall psychosis - SNUP... Coolest band nobody showed for - IAR... First band - SPINE with the BOMBHELLS... Band with the stupidest name - LADY ZIGS O' PLENTY... Worst band that never showed up - CIRCLE OF ILL HEALTH... Best quote from our Sound Guy RON ALLEN: "You know what I like about punk rock? ... Nothing... Band that says fuck the most often - MARY... Band to play here the most often - MARY... Loudest band to play (they shattered 2 walls on the first floor) - TRACER... Band that Ron Allen hates the most - OCTACATRICK... Band with the most feedback - STEEL POLE BATH... Production company with the lowest show attendance (3) - Band most likely (out of 10 best) posters - FAISLEY... Band with the coolest smoking locks - VEGE OVERKILL... Band members with the way coolest motorcycles - PAUL OF TRACER (B.M.W.), YODA OF DOSE PUMP (B.M.W.), KERR OF THE WONGS (B.M.W.)... Band least likely to play anywhere but probably will here - NCS... Band that put up the most posters in their bedrooms - PEE WEE MANSON FOR TAKENOG... Band with the highest comedy type poster - MR. T, EXPERIENCE... Band that played with the least notice - SCORP OF FREEDOM... Band least likely to play here but might anyway - NOMEANNO... Least pretentious rock gods - SEEN YARD... Band with the coolest gown in the dark - WHITE - GAS HUFFER... Band most likely of media stereotypes - 17... Band with the largest guitar solo - OCTACATRICK... Most misanthropic - SUPERCONDUCTOR... Band with the only naked singer - GORILLA GORILLA (or is he NAKED)... Band most likely to get signed to SubPop - LUNG... Band you don't want to fuck with - THE WONGS... Largest veteran punk rock line-up - ART BERGMANN, BRIAN GORE & JOHN CADZ & CHRIS HOUTON'S EVIL TWANG with our own RON ALLEN as God of Sound... Best 3 piece all-girl band - SCRAWL... Band with the most ex-members (42) - THE UNREST... Band member with the highest unpaid bar tab - STEVE HAMM OF TAKENOG... Person that gave the biggest helping hand to the Cruel Elephant & whom we're all forever indebted to - LAUREN MEXICER (I love ya bobbi!).

Artists that may come in the new year: TAD, UNION CARBIDE INC., COP SHOOT CO. BELVINS, NIKYANA, JR. GONE WILD, NOMEANNO, MARK'S DANISH, HELMET, LOVE BATTERY, BUFFALO TON. Some of these shows may be under very short notice.

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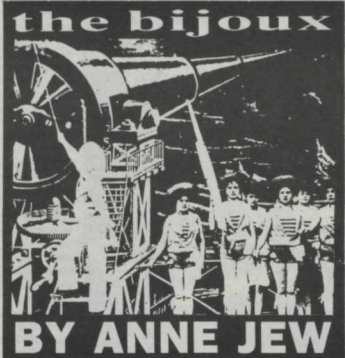
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Representation of minority groups in mainstream cinema is minimal at least accurate. In the white, male dominated world of film, stereotypes abound from the Asian seductress/druglord/houseboy to the black hooker/pimp/maid to the gay hairdresser/ill/pedophile and the list goes on and on and on. More recent liberal coverage of minority issues are usually smothered in sentimentalism and continue to be patronizing and condescending. So here is a random list of movies that at least attempt to portray real lifestyles if they don't already succeed. For the most part they are accessible movies which can be rented from your local video store. They are American and European, mainstream and independent. By no means is this a complete list.

The Color Purple (1985)
This film has been rightly criticized for being a whitewashed sentimentalized adaptation of the Pulitzer Prize winning novel by Alice Walker and for only hinting at the lesbian love affair between Celie (Whoopi Goldberg) and Shug (Margaret Avery). But nowhere else in mainstream Hollywood film are so many black women cast in such strong and diverse leading roles in a story that completely supports and validates female relationships. Directed by Steven Spielberg of E.T. fame.

Chan is Missing (1981)
The search for his missing friend Chan takes a middle-aged taxi driver (Wood Moy) and his nephew (Marc Hayashi) through a superb and insightful look of San Francisco's Chinatown. From the great scenes of a noisy, crowded Chinese restaurant in which we see a table full of patrons fighting for the bill to scenes dancing to Spanish music in Manilatown, a real sense of the people and the place is captured in contrast to the usual inaccurate background roles that Chinatowners are cast in. The diversity in the "types" of Chinese people is evident in the roster of characters and their views of Chan

as the two investigate his disappearance. Also Chinese political intricacies and the question of "what is Chinese?" are wound into the plot. Peter Wang, director of A Great Wall, is cast as a Samurai Night Fever cook. Filmed in black and white for \$22000. Directed by Wayne Wang.

Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart (1985)
This is a more straightforward story of a daughter and mother (Lauren Chew and Kim Chew - real life daughter and mother, respectively) relationship and their cultural differences. Set again in San Francisco, it is funny and poignant and again questions Chinese American identi-



ties. Also directed by Wayne Wang. Other, but much less interesting films by the same director are *Slamdance* (1987) and *Eat a Bowl of Tea* (1989).

Powwow Highway (1988)
This film relates the experience of two different Cheyenne Indians in a comedy, action, drama, buddy, road movie format. Buddy Red Bow (not played by a native but by Hispanic actor A. Martinez of daytime soap opera *Santa Barbara* fame) is a cynical activist involved with the American Indian Movement (A.I.M.). His friend Philbert Bone (native Indian Canadian Gary Farmer of *Blue City Slammers* and *The Big Town*) is a more spiritual and loving contrast. Their journey in a beat '64 Buick from Montana to

New Mexico along the Interstate called the Powwow Highway is entertaining and somewhat culturally insightful. The characterization are a welcome departure from the "group" or "sidekick" native stereotypes in mainstream American movies, but the film's controlling forces appear to be mainly white and American. Adapted from the novel by David Seals and directed by Jonathan Wacks, producer of *Repo Man*. Notably, Farmer won the Best Actor at the 1989 American Indian Film Festival.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday (1971)
Daniel (Peter Finch) is a gay, Jewish doctor involved in a love triangle with Bob (Murray Head), a bisexual artist and his heterosexual female lover Alex, a career counselor (Clementia Jackson). This film has been praised for making homosexuality incidental to the story and the lives of the characters rather than pushing it to the forefront or just hinting at it in the background. Great performances, especially by Finch and Jackson. Directed by John Schlesinger.

My Beautiful Laundrette (1985)
A really great film focusing on Omar (Gordon Warneke), a young gay Pakistani-Brit in London and his experiences with colonialism, capitalism, race relations and homosexuality. His best friend and lover is white, lower class Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis) whom he employs at his laundromat, creating an interesting role-reversal. It also satirizes the "Raj" nostalgia of films like *Passage to India* and Gandhi. Quick, witty, dry dialogue written by Hanif Kureishi, son of a Pakistani father and a

Contrasting their liberal London lifestyle is Rafi (Indian movie star Shashi Kapoor). Sammy (father who returns to England after taking part in fascist political atrocities. Also cast is Roland Gift of Fine Young Cannibals who is laid by Rosie. Again written by Hanif Kureishi and directed by Stephen Frears.

Virgin Machine (1988)
Dorothea (Ina Blum), a West German woman, goes to San Francisco in search of her mother and to research romantic love and discovers the underground lesbian scene. Quirky and gritty with dynamic scenes of women-only nights at a stripbar and diverse lesbian characters embracing non-mainstream lifestyles. Also a funny and interesting contrast between her unsatisfying relationships with men in a somber West Germany and her "coming out" in the States. It has been lauded for its unconventional approach and for not depicting "nice" lesbians. Filmed in black and white and in German with English subtitles. Directed by Monika Treut.

Desert Hearts (1985)
Based on Jane Rule's novel *Desert of the Heart*, it chronicles a divorced university professor's (HeleenShaver) romantic involvement with a lesbian casino dealer (Patricia Charbonnet) in Reno in the 1950s. Although it is regarded as one of the first films to portray positive lesbian roles, it has been criticized for following the conventional Hollywood narrative and internalizing homophobia. Also directed by Anne Prentiss. Mrs. Roper of *They're Crazy*. Directed by Donna Deitch who also directed the television adaptation *The Women of Brewster Place* (1989) starring Oprah Winfrey.

House Party (1989)
Besides being a fun movie involving teenagers, rap, boy/girl relationships and family relationships, it also counters black and teenage stereotypes. Also the party only one character gets drunk and he is regarded negatively by everyone else. The main entertainment is dancing and rapping. Also when two of the characters get into bed they decide not to have sex because neither of them has a condom. Set in midwest America, it takes urban black youth out of the Harlem-L.A. scenery usually found in films. Directed by Harold Ramo. Reginald Hudlin and produced by his brother Warrington Hudlin, both graduates of the NYU Film School.

Annie Hall (1975)
Woody Allen's Oscar winning film cast himself as a Jewish comedian who falls in love with a shiksa (Diane Keaton)... If you haven't seen it yet, you should.

Slaying the Dragon (1989)
Probably Allen's video store, but definitely worth looking for is this documentary on the roles of Asian women in the American mind. It examines portraits of Asian women from the evil seductresses to the Suzie Wong to the present Connie Chung. Directed by Deborah Gee.

SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH LAHTI

The last Re/Search publication, *Modern Primitives*, took us through the realm of body modification from tattooing to pee-pee piercing. Now the Re/Search crew of Vale/Andrea Juno and their crew bring us *FREAKS: We Who Are Not As Others* by Daniel P. Mannix, and *The Atrocity Exhibition* by J.G. Ballard. Like any other Re/Search publication, these books are beautifully laid out, easy to read and crammed with graphics and photos.

FREAKS: We Who Are Not As Others

The author spent three years as a sword-swallower and fire-eater in a carnival side show, living among and performing with "freaks" of all kinds. Fubheads, midgits, giants, mishaps and those seemingly "normal" till the moment the bizarre is revealed.

I'll admit the first thing I did upon purchase was spend time absorbing the pictures. Sure, I'll read the text, but let me at them pictures dude. And that's human nature. The stories are true, these people are real ("cept the "grifts" or fakers), the photos are graphic and the carnival is coming to town boys. This combination gives a concise, proud look at folks "who are not as others." The 10 chapters include: The Will People, The Not-So-Jolly Fat People, Look Ma—Three Hands (Mr. Mannix possesses a droll sense of humor) and The Gentle Giants. Mother, Am I a Boy or a Girl? is the chapter on hermaphrodites.

The subjects in this book seem dated today. Much included here is tame compared to what we're used to seeing on, say, the evening news. Here nostalgia reigns; even the cover with its "old fashioned" aqua-

green colour evokes a sense of the past. Does the side show exist today? And where do the "freaks" haunt?

The Atrocity Exhibition

Re/Search take care of their friends and J.G. Ballard is indeed a good buddy. The earlier Re/Search #8/9 was a comprehensive history of Ballard including interviews, views, biography, fiction/non-fiction excerpts and bibliographies.

Now with the Atrocity Exhibition writing will reach a larger audience.

If pressed to explain Ballard one could say he's the original cyberpunk from the '60s. Put fantastic literary, medical, futuristic, poetic, optimistic/nihilistic, sexual, political and movie-star-studded imagery into a bag and hurl it into space—Presto!

The AMOK sourcebook (Paradise while I digress for a moment: this "fourth dispatch" is a re-

cently published guide to the books sold at AMOK's store in L.A. The guide is under ten bucks and gives detailed accounts of all sorts of publications/propaganda available from the store. Invaluable. 360 pages of insight.) calls the Atrocity Exhibition "the essential Ballard work. Clinical. Obsessive. Fetishistic. Erotic. Violent. Non-linear." It's very odd—that's what I say. A bombardment of images, body parts and medical situations.

The most infamous passage from this book is entitled "Why I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan." Wow, eh? This was written in 1968 and even mentions the word "assassination" in the first line. The three-page story is a clinical study of the then-Gov of California, from his facial rigidity to genitalia and, of course, hairstyle.

This edition includes five additional fiction pieces and extensive annotations. Along with photos by Ana Barrado and medical illustrations by Phoebe Gloeckner, you're on your way.

Re/Search books are an education in extremes. Other texts include: *Incredibly Strange Films: Fantasy* is not included. Interviews with directors of the infamous and obscure. Genres such as Biker,



Mondo, LSD and Women in Prison flicks. A perfect counter balance to Leonard Malin.

Industrial Culture Handbook: A reference book describing the art of Cabaret Voltaire, Mark Pauline (of Survival Research Laboratories), Boyd Rice and others. Gory, graphic and gratifying. The history of early industrial music.

Pranks: Intimate conversations with John Waters, Henry Rollins, Jello Biafra, Abbie Hoffman, Karen Finley and more. A chance to meet a wide variety of underground malcontents as they discuss their most devious exploits. The only Re/Search book with a disclaimer!

William S. Burroughs/*Throbbing Gristle*/Brión Gysin: Interviews, collages and writings from these unique people. Rare and unusual material. A must have.

William S. Burroughs/*Dead City Radio Island*

The title of William S. Burroughs' first recordings with instrumental backups is perfect. A ghostly quality follows many of the tracks, though the reading is never dead, or worse, dull.

The 17 pieces (most under three minutes in length) have Bill reading from new and old writings, including "Apocalypse Now" as a catalog produced with the late Keith Haring (to whom this album is dedicated). Others are "A Thanksgiving Prayer," "Love Your Enemies" (often the best revenge) and a wonderfully dry reading of "The Lords Prayer" backed by Chris Stein.

Burroughs was recorded at his home in Lawrence, Kansas. At 76 WSB sounds in fine form. Never a fast talker, the words fall from his mouth in a slow drawl. Occasionally words are lost, yet will be picked up on repeated listens. Among the five unpublished texts included is the short and amusing "Brión Gysin's All Purpose Bedtime Story." The oldest text is "You Got Any Eggs for Fats" from Naked Lunch.

Hal Willner, long involved in recorded arts projects, was co-producer of the album. Willner chose the NBC Symphony Orchestra to back WSB on five cuts. These recordings were made almost 30 years ago yet still lend an urgent ambience. Other musicians backing WSB include John Cale (stirring piano), Sonic Youth (a very short instrumental of 40 seconds), Donald Fagen and Lenny Pickett (who co-wrote four tracks and leads a hot band).

The oddest thing on this album is Burroughs singing "Falling In Love Again" from the 1930 Marlene Dietrich film, "The Blue Angel." This saddest of love songs to appropriate for one who has led a most extraordinary life, is sung in German.

Dead City Radio is released at a time when other poets are recording with music. The successful John Giorno compilations and Allan Ginsberg's "The Lion for Real" are examples. Humour and healthy cynicism abound on the Dead City Radio.

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WITH THIS ADMAGAZINE OF THE MONTH:
STAR

In my struggle to end literary snobbery, I declare *Star* the mag of the month. It deserves this title; the superb weekly publication has information (some call it gossip), health tips, the Royals, Dear Meg (a juicy agony column), What People Are Wearing and oodles more. All this for 89 cents!

Star can be picked up just about anywhere, especially those 24 hour places. I must stress that *Star* is not like other rags such as the *Globe*. It's great. So good in fact I've clipped pages for my journal. These include:

—Bart Simpson is really a woman and ten other wacky little known facts about TV's zaniest

family.

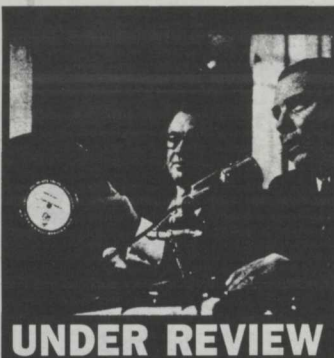
—Movie star David Hasselhoff buck naked except for strategically placed *Star*-pei pappies. Yum.

—One of those separated at birth? photos with Sinead O'Connor and wooden dummy Knuckhead Smith. Pre-Sinatra incident.

—Loads of Twin Peaks stuff.

They were the first national mag to investigate Snoqualmie, Wash. Great supporters of Dave Lynch.

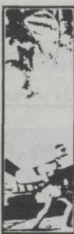
This is the stuff to read while your laundry spins, while stuck in traffic, while taking a bath, while escaping reality for a bit. *Star* is amazingly abstract. It's waiting for you. Go on, I won't tell.



UNDER REVIEW

BLECH Ich Wollte Meine Schuhe Zer- schneiden

Heute
Imagine taking a 1930's Berlin cabaret act and updating it for the 90's. Imagine that this cabaret act featured the sound of Holger Czauk, Klaus Nomi, Tuxedo Moon, the Kronos Quartet and a liberal sprinkling of big band and jazz references. Then you would almost be able to come close to the sound of the German band Blech (German for tin). Rupert Volz and company offer the listener a refreshing change of musical pace. The music evokes the feeling and texture of cabaretists living on the edge, images of the film *Cabaret* and even the King's Singers' excellent tribute to the Comedie Harmonists of pre-war Berlin, come to mind. The music ranges from the somber rendition of Heinrich Heine's poem "Die Elmsame Traene" to the surreal "She's



So Clean," a song about a drug addict. A Spanish influence follows the tracks "Spanisches Begrabnis" and "La Vida." "Der Zerstörte Man Blues" pays homage to Weill and Brecht. The disc is rounded off by the decadent carnival atmosphere of Pypil Gants. All in all a thoroughly enjoyable recording: one of this year's most interesting and offbeat releases. **Peter Sickert**

COCTEAU TWINS Heaven or Las Vegas PolyGram / 4AD

Liza Frazier's otherworldly vocals and Robin Guthrie and Simon Raymonde's velvety fluid expanses of sound create a state of altered consciousness. A state of being similar to that of being a five year old doing in the back of the parents' car as they drive home on the late night rain slicked streets, after a large family dinner. There you are lying in the womb like warmth of the gently rocking car, the hiss of the tires on the wet black top,

the comforting half heard murmurs of the parents, the regular beat of the windshield wipers, the patter of the rain, your belly happily full of good food and you feel warm, safe and content. This is the music of the Cocteau Twins. *Heaven or Las Vegas* is the seventh installment of the ten year musical Odyssey of the Cocteau's, and offers the further refinement of their other like sound. It is music that exists in your semi-consciousness, music that eludes your grasp like the fading memory of a dream or like the experience of having a word on the tip of your tongue, you can sense its meaning and structure but you can't articulate it. *Heaven or Las Vegas* is very good. Especially outstanding are the hazy "Cherry Coloured Funk," the plain "Footpolitic" and the captivating "Jezekielbuck." Incredibly seductive. **Peter Sickert**

DANIELLE DAX Blast the Human Flower WEA / Sire

Danielle's gone mushy and soft. Her electric music has been watered down. The ones intriguing sound has given way to clumsy quasi-hardrock riffs and unappealingly smaltzy disco thumping. True that her clever lyrics still peek through every now and then, but the heavy handed compositions do their best to dilute their impact, a great pity. The two most tolerable tracks "Bayou" and "Daisy," interestingly enough, are produced by Dax; the remaining cuts, produced by Stephen Street, are on a whole more enjoyable. Perhaps I'm just in a rotten mood, with Christmas, the rain and all that, but Dax's newest is definitely a lost opportunity and well below her usual standard. **Peter Sickert**



GOD'S ACRE Ten Gospel Greats Wax Trax

God's Acre are a three-piece from Chicago. *Ten Gospel Greats* is their first full-length LP, though they've

had numerous singles, including a track on *G2 Records' Terriki Afrika Volume 4*. This album highlights God's Acre's brand of power chord guitar grunge, with pleasingly heavy bass and drums. Admittedly, this is nothing very new, lots of '70s guitar effects and the like. However, God's Acre are in by good at what they do. Solo aren't totally out of control and the vocals are good 'n' raspy. Comparisons to Sub Pop bands are kind of inevitable, but I can say with some confidence that God's Acre put the majority of the Northwest scene to shame. Apparently the band is used to these comparisons, as the accompanying press release explains how God created the world on the first day, then the guitar, then long hair and bell bottoms, then Seattle, then rock music. Good 'n' noisy grunge-or-ama! **Mikey**

KID SENSATION Rollin' With Number One Nastymix

Nastymix can do no wrong these days. All their releases are well produced, and *Rollin' With Number One* is no exception: this is one smooth package. The only negative thing is that this Kid Sensation effort sounds almost too much like Sir Mix-A-Lot's *Seminar* (another great Nastymix release, by the way). But that's understandable because Mix-A-Lot played a role in production and performance here. The Kid has a nasty "pissed off" voice and some of these beats rip it up. Rating: Gold. **Greg Elsie**

MARY'S DANISH Experience A&M / Chameleon

Despite being packaged to look like Jimi Hendrix's *Experience*, no one is going to dispose of their Hendrix collection in favour of this band. Given a fair shake, this album is quite listenable and even enjoyable. Mary's Danish has a polished garage band flavour

at times reminding one of Bob's Your Uncle on more remotely the 52's without ever sounding like either. The one track that, ironically enough, did start to irritate, was the cover of Hendrix' "Foxy Lady," which managed to include a couple of Zeppelin riffs. This band isn't a substitute for Hendrix, but if you're looking for another album to enjoy, give this one a spin. **B. Arschorne**

NOISE UNIT Frequency Response Antler-Subway

Noise Unit is a collaboration between Front Line Assembly's Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber and Klinik's Mark Verhaegen and combines the best of both bands. Noise Unit fuse FLA's aggression and Klinik's minimalism with very satisfying results. There's some interesting noise experiments such as "Forgotten Realm" and "Paranoid Man" or the heavily rhythmic "Agitate" and "Feel the Anguish"; a must for technofans. **June**

ROLLINS BAND Turned On Touch 'n Go / 1/4 Stik

Admittedly, I love Rollins. This is a biased review if ever there was one. However, that said, this is still an amazing album. *Turned On* is a double album recorded in live in Vienna in the fall of 1989. Highlighted is the sheer intensity of that dude Henry Rollins. Yeah, he's nasty, he's depressing, he's heavy. What do you expect? He's a dude! The Rollins Band has unquestionably one of the most talented musical monsters in the arena of sweat, tattooed, grinding crunch. It's hard to classify what Rollins does. It's not quite Rollins. Rollins is a little bit of his funky (Andrew "Ten Bass" is GOD), at others it's a strain of twisted metallic blues. It's super loud, way heavy, and, as Henry would say, HARD! Definite standouts on this puppy include the wrenching "Down and Away,"

"Turned Inside Out" and "Out There." Oh baby, this is a wonderful piece of work. Rollins better play here before I die. **Mikey**

VARIOUS ARTISTS Towering Dub Inferno RORR

RORR is a cassette-only label out of New York, specializing in a degree in reggae and dub. *Towering Dub Inferno* is a "best of" kind of sampler; if you're into dub style reggae this set is worth checking out. Side One starts with Lee Scratch Perry's reworking of "Satan Dub," a collaboration with producer Bullwackie. A light groove from Scratch. Then it's history time with the first of two rare tracks from the early Sherwood/Dub Syndicate session "One Way System." The dub continues with "Dance." Not quite as good, and Prince Far I doing a cut by Japanese percussionist Pecker (named after the bird, not his dick) as 21st Century Dub. "The Beggars Suite Pt. I, II, & III," features some pretty silky vocals and tasty instrumentals.

Opening Side Two are German rockers Puls Der Zeit working under the wing of Ace Dub Wiser The Mad Professor at Checkpoint Charlie. The Professor reappears again later with punk legends Rust D.C. in a remix of "Pleasures of the Dance." Not quite as powerful as the original on Rhythm Collision Volume 1, but then again, the original is pretty hard to find these days. I'm still waiting for Volume II. Also of interest here is *Up the Mountain* by Skatalite-influenced horns add pleasant taste. Black Uhuru, Niney The Observer, Sanchez, The Dub Syndicate, and the RorR Tapebarrament Roots Radics add to 60 minutes of dub. Of all the sessions Roots Radics have played, why "Joy To The World" is here is beyond me. Nonetheless, *Towering Dub Inferno* is well worth the price of admission. **Norman Van Rassel**

Driver performed by Bepi Crespan

While taking the I-5 to Hell...

Co-Pilot performed by Rued Gullit

Many questions enter one's head when making that trek outside. For instance, "Why does the Seattle Lodge in Bellingham never have any vacancies?" (or looking around Seattle as tourists to often do when in Seattle) "Why do all these cars have their windows smashed in?" Yet another could be "Why are we bringing along all these cassettes to listen to?" So I sez "Shaddap and keep pushing, the show starts in less than an hour!"

SLAVEK HANZLIK Spring in the Old Country Festival/MUSA

Driver: Expecting Croatian war chants, no it's Slavek Hanzlik and his band of merry fiddlers. Co-Pilot: Sounds like a Friendly Giant Jam. Maybe it's all instrumental.
D: All strings. There's a banjo in there along with that country fiddlin'. The third track ("Bill Cheatham") is the intro for Hillbilly Jim on WFF.
CP: Perfect for CKVU's "Pioneer Moments" where they are making maple syrup or building a lodge.

D: The guy's Canadian, right?
CP: Yeah, there's an address here for Manitoba.

RICK POLTARUK When Spring Comes Festival/New World

D: Sounds like the "Raised on baseball, Canadians' baseball" dupe.
CP: R&B. Yale Hotel fare. I can see him on the Variety Club Telethon.
D: Yeah, he kicks the Melloyds' collective ass. He's from Vancouver, huh?
CP: Well his label has a Vancouver address, but in the liner notes he thanks the folks up in the NW.
D: Did you hear that Rick? I said I'm walkin'!
Baby. You know what I'm doing? I'm putting on my brand new Nike's. I'm walking all over your face. I'm walking all over the house, then I'm walkin' out the front door, you won't see me no more." So he's a wifebeater who's looking for a sponsorship from Nike, like "Rick knows R&B...just do it." Now we get

to "Trainin' On": "The bright sky threw me to the wind. I've landed on the road again. I'm leaving...Trainin' on."
CP: Must have been a Littlest Hobo themersong record. D: Or a commercial for some high tech cereal. So overall we can say *When Spring Comes* is a mix of R&B with some country elements. Get this boy a career.

PAULINE ESTER Le Monde Est Fou Polygram/Polydor

CP: Big band, jazzy-influenced.
D: Not really in a poppy vein, but more pop than jazz. Sophisticated French pop you should do well in France but not here. They've got different standards/concepts of pop music over there. It's not Canadian content so there really is no reason for Canadian stations to be playing this.
CP: French movie music, but not for radio.
D: Yeah, but that's what every anglophone says about

French music.
CP: "Fit Chaud" has some pseudo-African chanting in it.
D: I heard the word "pamplmouse" in "Feline" which reminds me of a good story. Once I had a really bad sore throat as I often do at this time of year and since milk builds up excess mucus, I was looking around the house for some juice and the only thing we had was this 4oz can of Libby's Grapefruit Juice. So I drink it down. Keep in mind that I hate grapefruit juice from cans. So anyway, I finish the can and suspicious, I open it up to find the tin had rust splashes on the inside. I swore I would never again purchase Libby's products. Anyway, Ester could probably get away with an album like that but aside from CJVB, Vancouver radio isn't that keen on attracting a specific French market for its advertisers at the expense of possibly alienating other groups of listeners.
CP: Side two is the same as side one.
D: Well that's good because we can listen to this tape twice in the time it takes to listen to the other tapes we brought only once.

Demo Director Dale Sawyer's TOP 50 CASSETTES AND DEMOS 1990 (in absolutely random order)

RYF - Banned from the Railway Club
The Rockaway Revue - "I Could Love
You"/ "Do I Love You?"
Purdins - 3-song demo
The Surrealists - Fish!
The Jazzmanian Devils - Happy Hour
Wallmen - Newlaw: You are the Wallmen

Today
The Mint 100 - The Mint 100
Show Business Giants - The Benevolent
Hom

Mary - Amgod Mary, and "Gallows Pole"
Roots Roundup - Get Rooted!
Jokika - Jokika
Bent - Death Trip 1990

The Nocturnal Effect - The Eighteenth
Wonder of the World

Neighborhoods - Live in '99
Planet of Spiders - Underground and
Planet of Spiders

Terror-T & The Beat Assassinator - The
Life Times

Bruce A & The Secular Alchemists - Both
3-song demos

The Perfume Tree - "Dreaming in Winter"
Miroslav Yano - Wind's Picture
Drums Along the Gardener - Boronto
The Last Wild Sons - The Last Wild Sons
Pork Queen - From the Cat Told
Sessions

Watch Children - 9-song demo
Emily Fayna - Return of the Repressed

001/01 - Bright Red Paint
Argument Club - 9-song demo

Whiffies - Mood Swing
Jean Branson - 6-song demo

Hemlockes Guano - Hemlockes Guano's
Sneaky Guano - Songs for Casualties

Natural Elements - Winter Moon
The Smalls - The Smalls

Medea Physikal - Medea Physikal
The Nightstalkers - Cloud Nine in Outer
Space

Laughing Hands - EE
The Polka Dogs - The Polka Dogs

Ironing Pants Definitely - IPO
Eden's End - 6-song demo

Tony Baloney's Dance Ensemble - 5-
song demo

High Speed Seafire - Chain Saw Guitar
Bacteria - Identification

Honest John - 8-track Madness
The Long Maned West Coast Band -
"The Palm Tree Song"

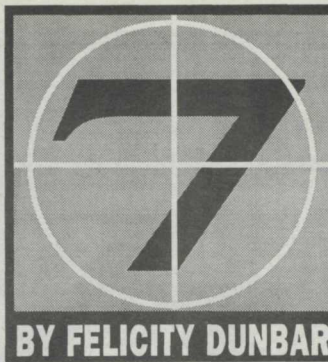
Vex Popul - On Beyond Zebra
The Picasso Set - "Bitter Lemon"/
"Bittered [By Rita Hayworth]"/ "Tofeyism"

The Hellfingers - 3-song demo
Fumacelle - Let It Down

Za Za and The Angels - Rare First
Recordings

Windwalker - 3-song demo
Blas Pity - Hate

Not to say there weren't many other fine
tapes to keep me busy throughout the year.
Local bands also put out some extremely
fine CDs and vinyl last year; Bob's Your
Uncle's Tale of a Leg album and Tark-
hug's new CD singing to mind immediately.
And after seeing *Wings of Desire* for the
second time recently, I decided to check
out Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds' new
album *The Good Son* and I have to concur
with Pete Dinklage in that it's a gorgeous,
moving work-alike to my 1990 record for the
year. Thanks to all the bands and artists
who sent me demos in 1990, and let's
hope for even more in '91.



Wowee, two vinyl things! The
Fastbacks in a very short time! Their
wild'n' fun LP came out about two
months ago but the Fastbacks' tune
"Lose" on the Steve Priest Fan Club
split single they share with co-Sea-
tle-types Gas Huffer is surprisingly
disappointing. Its sound makes it
seem like you're sitting in a long
hallway and one room at one end has
Kurt, Kim and Nate playing, and
another room way down at the very
far other end of the hall has Kim
singing. Something isn't quite right,
and unfortunately it's lacking in the
energy that we've grown to expect
from them. On the other side is "King
of Hubcaps" and it's yet another
flat, rocking single song from Gas
Huffer. They've been on so many
(well, three or four) compilation '7's.
When oh when will we ever see a big
chunk of vinyl from these guys?
One thing tho' is that with these
evenly spread out, consistently tasty
bouts, Gas Huffer's follow-
ers are sure to be kept drooling for
their next release.

Two new, rather interesting
releases from that Cruddy Record
Dealership, one by the Young Fresh
Fellows entitled "Motorbroke" b/w
"Ecuador Blues" and the other
"Dancin' into the Moonlight" b/w "Do
You Care Theme" by the Gun
Sharp'n'ers (who actually sound
surprisingly like the aforementioned
Fellows, hm...). May I please ask
one question? Have the Fellows
gone completely loopy or what? First
"Dance 89" b/w "Hear How Mr.
McCaughy's voice once more, unal-
tered. More weird vocals, more weird
sounds! Very odd! The oddest by
far here is "Do You Care Theme"
which consists of... well, I'd better
not ruin the surprise. Only for
hardcore YFF fans or for those of
you who've gone completely loopy
too.

And there's yet another Young
Fresh 45, this one on Prava Records.
Of all these cruddy YFF tunes "Come
guits, bass and drums" comes
closest to that of familiar Fellows'
sound, but if you prefer the
hard'n'heavier Fellows check out
"Someone I Care about" which fea-
tures ex-Fellow Chuck Carroll with
some nifty organ bits.

Seattle's Bent - not to be

confused with Vancouver's Bent
(both of whom have virtually the
same logo, mind you it's yet to be
determined who was first) - have
had their 7" "Actual Footage" b/w
"Black and Dream" out for some
time now. I saw it first in a record bin
in Seattle thinking it to be the Shin-
dig '90 finalists from up here, but
nope this Bent is something very
different. Strange that it's their Cana-
dian counterparts who are the ones
coming across as rather SUB-grungy
w/ guitar-POPish. Here you get
bleak, distressing lyrics (which are
scrawled out for your reading plea-
sure) and a sort of disjointed mix
of jazz-funk-metal. It's been done bet-
ter elsewhere, but this is okay guess.
Mad Mad Nomad, last heard
on CIR with their tune "Ecstasy,"
now have a fashionably colored
(white) vinyl single out and about on
Green Moon Records called
"Keeper of the Cage" b/w "Double-
Edged Dreamer." Red, black and
polished stuff this is, in fact, they
could stand to back off a little pro-
duction-wise. Overall, sort of Walk-
abouts but a bit heavier and funkier.

Gotta say one thing about The
Smugglers first ever solo vinyl en-
deavour "Up and Down" b/w "Seat-
tle Bound," it sure looks good. Al-
most too good. 7" fanatics will
gobble this one up for that cover
alone. The second release off the
Nardward label comes complete with
a mini booklet with mini band and
fan club info. "Up and Down" has
been around for quite a while now,
so I've not much to say about it
except it features the voice and tam-
bourne of Young Fresh Scott Mc-
Caughy and Poise Jonathan Auer
respectively. A fairly bouzouy-ramp-
ing fan tune with lots of harmonica.
As for the flipside, "Seattle Bound"
is prefaced by an interlude between
Kim of the Pandoras and Nardward
—brief and kinda pointless but it's
more interesting than the tune itself
which drags a bit and is basically just
more idolization of the Emerald City.
Hey guys, can't wait 'til you're
twenty-one, eh?! Ever heard of US
drug policies? Hell, if that means
five Canadian lives will be spared
yes, please go to Seattle, stay for
more than 48 hours and don't bring
your passport. Let's see what Kim

Pandora has to say when your scor-
pion-bitten-mustard-gas-frosted-sub-
120 pound corpse arrives back at
Edwards Airforce Base in a five-foot
pundolator envelope. Stick with
the Nord and pass on the Tup.

With Seaweed's new 7" on K,
don't be expectin' any major changes
from their past 7"ers. That is, it's
cool as cool as cool can be. The
vocals on "Deertrap" don't sound
quite as tortured here as on "Just A
Smirk" or on their combo-45
"Three's Company" with Super-
chunk and Geck. They're somehow
much clearer. Near the end sudden-
ly bang! it seems like a completely
different song. Along with "Carou-
el" two more songs to shake yer
hair to. Plus it comes in a nice 'n'
simple black sturdy cardboard sleeve.

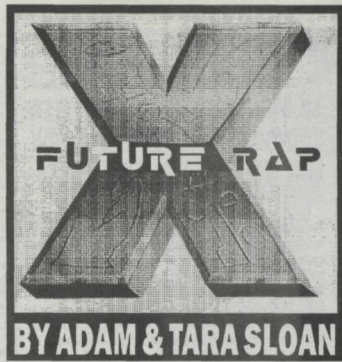
The Mr. T. Experience is re-
knowned for being lame on record
compared to their live sound but "So
Long Sucker"/"Zero" (Lookout!) is a
great piece of post-punk that totally
rocks. Even so, I'd rather see them
live any day. Conversely, I gotta say
Coffin Break are better on vinyl than
in person. The band Sub Pop once
scooped them up has a single out on
the named label. Les "T" Tray" features
heavy guitar Seattle style with slight
punk overtones and some definite
pop sensibilities. If you like this, this
check out their album out on CZZ
records which is even better.

Bleargghh. Unholy Swirl's
"Tapeworm" (Noiseville) is ugly,
ugly music. Kind of like Rancid Hell
Spaw without the "pop" overtones.
Distorted growling vocals and nasty
gurgling music that unfortunately
gets less interesting with repeated
plays. Nice corpse on the cover
though.

I picked up the No Control At
the Country Club Live compilation
(Nemesis) almost solely for the Bad
Religion tracks which turned out to
be much the same as the album
versions. Carry Nation and Visual
Discrimination both put in some
passable but generic thrash. Instead
remind me of some old Cal skate-
core band, not exactly a style drat to
my heart. But overall this little record
is very well recorded and mixed,
giving it a great live sound. I've
heard Nemesis records have a whole
lot of live 7's, well worth
checking out.

The word "poise" comes up
naturally when talking about the
Cows but their latest songs on Am-
phetamine Reptile are memorable to
boot. "Slap Back" is a total noise
masterpiece complete with a cat
distorted bass riff, goring guitar and
cock driving vocals. "One O'Clock
High" is more upbeat but still noisy
as hell. The Cows will be around
long after bands of similar ilk pass
on.

I suspect Youth Gue Mad's
"Life, Sweet Life"/"Oki-Dogs"
(Push Boy) is one of those limited
edition re-releases that you can't
mailorder from the label and good
luck finding it in the stores. This is
really hot early punk with lots of
energy and groovy male/female vo-
cals. "Life, Sweet Life" strangely
enough sounds like a punk rap tune
with a tough driving intensity and
satisfyingly sarcastic lyrics. If other
Push Boy re-releases are anything
near this good it might be worth
checking someone in order to obtain
them.



Hello! This is the first installment of
a monthly rap column concentrating
on all Canadian happenings.
We'll also sum up new releases, but
instead of emphasizing ones which
sell in the tomes, we'll look at those
which are taking rap in a fresh, re-
sponsible, new direction. So no
mention of the likes of Vanilla Ice,
OK! If rap is to survive it must be
used to educate, or at least not fall
into the trend of all style, no sub-
stance, big production dance tunes
with meaningless lyrics. If you are a
local rap act, send your stuff in to us
care of *Disorder* and if you have
anything good to say we'll
mention of you.

This
has seen two
Canadian rap
acts release al-
bums as com-
parable to only
one in 1989
(Maestro Fresh
Wes' *Symphony
In Effect* [Attila]). HDV
released his
good album
*Sex, Drugs,
and Violence*
(CBS/Isba) with
some good

messages, and MC J and Cool G
released *Su Lister* (Capitol), their
clashed danceable rap album. It comes
in Canada to be come up with safe,
danceable rap, further proven by the
Dream Warriors' singles "Wash
Your Face In My Sink" and "My
Definition..." (MCA/Isba/4th
& Bway).

Two interesting albums have
reached my ears in the past month.
The first is *Intelligent Hoodlum*
(A&M) by the 18 year old rapper
Tragedy. This guy has something to
say, apparently having had a hard
childhood, but most of the tracks
lack real conviction. Still, not bad
for an 18 year old. Marley Marl
produced, so you get something
smoother than I personally like and
lots of little piano samples, a Marley
trademark. The second album is more
important, it's by the new act Paris
and it's a kick's lot of knowledge; check

out the sleeve! *The Devil Made Me
Do It* (Tommy Boy) is packed with
bass and smooth raps like a mix of
LL Cool J and Rakim.

I finally got my hands on a
copy of Ice Cube's debut solo CD,
AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted
(Ruthless/Priority), and he's defini-
tely slamin' without N.W.A.
With his "me against the world"
attitude, it's obvious Ice Cube isn't
going to get ganked again like he
was by N.W.A.'s business manager
Jerry Heller. The 16.5 tracks were
produced by the Public Enemy
production crew and Ice Cube's Lench

Moh. It's ultra
dense and dis-
tinctly fla-
voured by the
Fear of a Black Planet
sound, but even
more ad-
vanced; the
combo works
very well. An
other addi-
tion to the
CIR playlist
is *As Kothas*
*As They Wan-
na Be* (Ilo) by
the 2 Live
Jews, a takeoff
on the 2 Live
Crew with
copied beats and very lame produc-
tion.

Finally, here's our list of the
ten best albums of 1990.

1. X Can: *To the East, Blackwards*
(MCA/Isba/4th & B'way)
2. Public Enemy: *Fear of a Black Planet*
(CBS/Def Jam)
3. Boogie Down Productions:
Edutainment (BMG/Jive)
4. The Jungle Brothers: *Done By the Forces of Nature* (WEA/Bernal)
5. The Afros: *Kickin' Afros*
(CBS/Def Jam)
6. Ice Cube: *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted* (Ruthless/Priority)
7. Paris: *The Devil Made Me Do It*
(Tommy Boy)
8. Ice-T: *Freedom of Speech, Just Watch What You Say!* (WEA/Rhine Syndicate)
9. A Tribe Called Quest: *People's Instinctive Travels...* (BMG/Jive)
10. Urban Thugs: *Squal: Mental Ploss For the Globe* (BMG/Attila)

SHINDIG

14 MONDAYS, 27 BANDS LATER
SHINDIG '90 WOULD VERY MUCH
LIKE TO THANK A FEW FOLKS:

THE BANDS.

PRELIMINARIES: ELBORE JAMES, VASECTEMOIDS, SUN DOG
SUN, PICTURE PAINTINGS, DARKLING THRUSHES, PHINEAS
GAGE, PURPLE CITY, SHINY GREEDY, SMILEYS, AUNT ACID,
FROM BEYOND, NAKED YOUTH, WATER POETS, BLUE LAW,
BUCKNAKEDS, THE SESSION, OCTATRACKTER, MIND THE GAP.
SEMIFINALISTS: TOXIC JIMMY, BARON VON FOKKER, RATTLED
ROOSTERS, SUPERCONDUCTOR, MAISHA TRILOGY, MEDUSA'S
RAFT. FINALISTS: BENT, WINDWALKER, ZAZA & THE ANGELS.

THE JUDGES.

RICK ARBOIT (NETTWERK PROD.), DAVE BADANIC (CJIV
TOUCH'N'GOS), BILL BAKER (CITR/DISORDER), GAVIN BROWN
(DISORDER), DON BULL, AL CAMPBELL (ED BANGER PROD.), PAT
CARROLL (CITR/THE PICASSO SET), JANET FORSYTH (THE RAIL-
WAY CLUB), PAUL FUNK (CITR), VIOLA FUNK (DISORDER), GAR-
NET HARRY (CITR), KATHRYN HAYASHI (CITR), BRIAN HOHM
(CITR), RANDY IWATA (CITR/DISORDER), VALERIE JUNIPER
(PROXIMA CENTAURI PROD.), BRENT KANE (FESTIVAL RECORDS),
GLENN KRUGER, DAVID LEA-SMITH (THE PICASSO SET), MIKE
LYSENG (CITR), PETER McCULLOCH (TIMBRE PROD.), GRANT
McDONAGH (ZULU RECORDS), JAHIS McKENZIE (DISORDER/
TOUCH'N'GOS), LISA MARR (CITR/DISORDER EDITRIX), TOM MILNE
(CITR), IAN NOBLE (PERRYSCOPE PROD.), ELLIE O'DAY (O'DAY
PROD.), DON OSBORN (SOCAN), BARRY PAYNE (CARGO RECORDS),
JEROME PRINGLE (CITR), JUNE SCUDELLER (CITR), FRANK SVERTZ
(CITR), ALLAN SLATER (THE RAILWAY CLUB), KEVIN SMITH
(DISORDER), SHANE SPARKS (CITR), BRUCE TURPIN (CITR),
LLOYD ULIANA (CITR/DISORDER), JONATHAN WONG (CITR).

MC'S.

BILL BAKER, GARNET HARRY, LISA MARR, BRUCE TURPIN.

JOKES FOR...

BILL BAKER, DON BULL, GARNET HARRY, DON OSBORN,
BRUCE TURPIN.

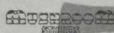
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RAD STUDIOS, DEADBEAT STUDIOS.

THE VENUES.

THE RAILWAY CLUB AND THE TOWN PUMP.

AND ALL OF YOU WHO CAME OUT
TO WITNESS IT ALL.



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DANCING ON THE CLOUDS

I STRUNG THE WIRE DOWN FROM THE RADIO
ANTENNA ON THE ROOF, SNAKING IT THROUGH THE
CRACKS AND HOLES IN THE FLOORS ABOVE. I SOON
HAD THE END IN MY ROOM.



WHEN I ATTACHED IT TO A MAG-
NETIZED RADIO-RECEIVED HEAD-
PHONE SET WHICH I PLACED
CAREFULLY UPON THE BODY.

ALL THE INFORMATION FLYING THROUGH THE
HEAVENS WOULD BURST INTO THE RESON-
EARS OF THE NEW CHRIST. I HAD SMALL
INCISIONS IN THE FEET, PLACED THE
TORSO AND INTO THESE I HANDED THE
FRAYED ENDS OF ELECTRIC WIRES WHICH
WERE PLUGGED INTO SOCKETS ALL
OVER THE APARTMENT. OF COURSE I
DID ALL THIS WORK BY CANDLELIGHT
STORING THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY
FOR THE MOMENT OF GLORY.



I GENTLY PLACED AN OLD CHRISTMAS
WREATH AROUND HIS HEAD, MAKING
SURE THE HOLLY LEAVES DID NOT
PUNCTURE HIS TENDER, SMOOTH
BROW. WAS THAT A DROP OF
SWEAT? NO. NO, MERELY CONDENSA-
TION. I THREW OPEN THE WINDOW
AND THE UNRESTRAINED AIR BLEW
IN. I SENSED THAT IT WAS ALMOST
TIME TO THROW THE POWER SWITCH.

Tunisha Scott and Gillie Baldwin are...

THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR

Dharma Bums: JACQUES LAMONTAGNE

Greetings from Seattle! Welcome to 1991 and the beginning of a beautiful friendship. This month we're bringing you some of the Northwest's finest musicians top ten lists of 1990. Hope you enjoy it and look for us in future issues. Peace on Earth good will to everyone, our brothers, our sisters and the family gun.

Scott McCaughey of The Young Fresh Fellows

1. Neil Young - *Ragged Glory*
2. The Fastbacks - *Very, Very Powerful Motor*
3. The Posies - *Dear 23*
4. Nick Lowe - *Party of One*
5. Untamed Youth - *More Real Gone Gassers*
6. Girl Trouble - *Thrillphire*
7. Robyn Hitchcock
8. Original Sins - *Self-destruct*
9. Mono Men - *Stop Dragging Me Down*
10. The Dharma Bums - *Bliss*

Ken Stringfellow of The Posies

(list du l'poes on cdes un single)

1. The Fastbacks -

Very, Very Powerful Motor

2. The Squirrels - *What Gives?*
3. The Fastbacks - *"Gunk Fred" 45*
4. Nirvana - *Silver 45*
5. Redd Kross - *Third Eye* ('cause they're cute!)
6. The Fastbacks - *VPPM*
7. Dharma Bums - *Bliss*
8. The Fastbacks - *Purrry, Purrry*
9. Grand Funk - *Live album*
10. The Gunsharp'n'ers - *"F" 45*

Jeremy Wilson of The Dharma Bums

1. Neil Young - *Ragged Glory*
2. Nirvana - *Silver*
3. Thin White Rope - *Sack Full of Silver*
4. The Chills - *Submarine Bells*
5. Various Artists -

Roky Erickson Tribute Album

6. Gunsharp'n'ers - *"F"*
7. Boogie Down Productions 1990
8. The Flaming Grooves - *Greatest Grooves*
9. Love - *"Re-released Remixed"*
10. Dece-Lite - *World Clique*
11. Dan - *My best friend and a great guy to tour with.*

Captain Morgan of The Squirrels

1. The Squirrels - *What Gives?*
2. They Might Be Giants - *Flood*
3. The Posies - *Dear 23*
4. Devo - *Smooth Noodle Maps*
5. Jonathan Richman - *Jonathan Goes Country*
6. The Raiders - *The Legend of Paul Revere*
7. The Fastbacks - *Very, Very Powerful Motor*
8. Iggy Pop - *Brick by Brick*
9. The Blue Hearts - *The Blue Hearts*

KIM WARRICK & KEN STRINGFELLOW : TUNISHA SCOTT



10. The Cramps - *Slay Sick*

Kurt "Sometimes you have to break the rules" Bloch of The Fastbacks and The Young Fresh Fellows LP's (in no particular order)

- Urge Overkill - *Americruiser*
- The Digits - *Hornet Pinata*
- The Flind - *Glar*
- Mr. T Experience - *Making Things with Light*
- The Posies - *Dear 23*
- Flat Duo Jets - *Flat Duo Jets*
- Jawbreaker - *Unfun*
- The Sharing Patrol - *The Sharing Patrol*
- Thin White Rope - *Sack Full of Silver*

7's (ditto)

- Pop Defect - *Without*
- Flop
- Nirvana - *Silver*
- Dope, Guns, & Fucking in the Streets - *Volume 3*



The Skinflutes
Pum Joy - *Sore Throat Ded Goat*
Dinosaur Jr. - *The Wagon*
Fuel

Joey Kline of Audioasis on KCMU

1. Steve Earle - *The Hard Way*
2. The Posies - *Dear 23*
3. Neil Young - *Ragged Glory*
4. The Desert Rose Band - *Pages of Life*
5. The Squirrels - *What Gives?*
6. The Dharma Bums - *Bliss*
7. The Fastbacks -
8. Redd Kross - *Third Eye*
9. Mojo Nixon - *Oniz*
10. Ringo and his All Star Band

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Jan. 29 - Feb. 2

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REAL LIVE ACTION

DERELICTS/GAS HUFFER The Cruel Elephant Saturday 1 December

It was gonna be the perfect rock and roll evening: Gas Huffer and The Derelicts at the Cruel Elephant, then a healthy sprint down the street to DOA's final show! Heck, what could possibly be better? What could possibly go wrong? To start things off, we missed the beginning of Gas Huffer, whose set came complete with their hit single "Firebug." Galloping guitars. Growling crunchy vocals. Nothing new or exciting, you say? Come on, Standard Seattle fan? Noisierob. These guys are different. These guys are hot, plus they've got true fashion sense. They got style. Their bassist wore the most stunning red longjohns. In other words, these guys were everything The Derelicts weren't. What The Derelicts were

was pretty standard grunge punk rock (man). Sucking on beer cans. Falling over. Fingering one and all. Sneer. Sneer. Sneer. "Fuck you." "Fuck you." "Fuck you." "Ho hum. Was it all a joke? If so, sorry, I didn't get it. The rather youthful be-hooded-sweatshirted crowd seemed to love it. For me though, it was just real disappointing so we hastily departed for the Commodore where the highlight of the evening turned out to be some plastered dude enquiring loudly and repeatedly, "Have you lost your luggage?" It was too cryptic. It was too late. If only Gas Huffer had played on... **Kris Lawrence**

DOA/GBH/Aversion Commodore Ballroom Saturday 1 December

So it was DOA's last gig, eh? Yeah...till their next show. Oh well,

it was rocking anyway. Aversion opened up, quite impressively actually, thrashed a bit and were gone. GBH was really cool, almost stealing the show from DOA. They played a lot of their older tunes plus some I hadn't heard before. I happened to be near the slam pit during their set, standing behind some really tall guy who kept me from being knocked over. It seemed pretty harsh in there, stage-diving galore. I saw one guy go down and get totally trampled by ten anarchic feet before being pulled up again. Later I saw him standing at the bar in a daze, probably braindead.

By the time DOA came on, the place was pretty packed, although I don't think it was actually "sold out" as was claimed. Just an excuse to do another show I bet; maybe they just don't really want to give it up. The band was tight as I'd ever seen, playing all time favorites as well as some parody covers like "King of the Road" and "Singin' in the Rain." At one point, while wielding a live chainsaw, it seemed likely Joey Shithead was going to get slammed over by an over-enthusiastic fan and drop the buzzing machine onto the heads of the frenzied crowd. Punk rock!

But by the third encore I just had to laugh: it all got to be a bit much. It probably won't be long until a DOA Reunion Tour starts making the rounds but what the fuck, they were great and I enjoyed the show. Sad to see DOA lost from the Vancouver scene...at least for now. **Angle Finley**

The first time I saw DOA I drank too much southern comfort, puked, and stage-dived into a concrete floor. Since then I've given up the booze and slowly given up on DOA. With each successive album, the band's lost spirit and power; their music's nose-diving into a gross parody of Canadian bands' whose images adorned the black concert of the '70s. Out of a retarded loyalty I kept going to shows and lying about how much I liked their new stuff. So, like a jaded trooper, I forked over 10 bones, and headed for the Commodore on December 1. The crowd was as expected: fat-assed, disco-glam secretaries, pony-tailed, mustached, cowboy-booted buttocks, and the sniveling remnants of Vancouver's oh-to-alternative "I'm on Welfare" punk scene. Basically the lame crowd DOA has been attracting for the last three years.

Aversion played some crappy fatless punk stuff. GBH, on the other hand, were far worse than crappy: they were truly pathetic examples of a raging mohawk hardon gone limp and soggy. Their pathetic ineptitude at emulating the wanking Def Leppard metal they dream of playing was only further highlighted by the obligatory complement of

retro-geeks with big-face clown hair and Sid Vicious lapping up the custard oozing out of these idiots' noses. Pink 'n' dead, just really bloody pathetic.

After all this, DOA was almost anti-climatic. The band emotionally wind-milled their way through the old stuff, luckily avoiding most of the poo-poo from the last two albums. The whole mis-encore, however, alienated the crowd from the band. They'd become a bunch of old guys covering DOA songs, adeptly but without the raw power of yesteryear. I'd kind of expected to get teary-eyed at this final gig but for me the band wasn't even there, just a giant hole filled with multiple images of my dad playing a guitar and figuring out how much he made tonight, including t-shirt sales. **Bruno**

SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS The Town Pump

Wednesday 5 December
How 'bout dem Mannequins!! The last time I saw them, all their hair was blonde and all their tits were taped. There was some doubt concerning costumes this time, however, I was not disappointed. After taking a swig of stout and having a good look, there was Beez in a tan, brown, being double double breast-fed suit. His "Avengers" outfit almost made me spew everywhere. The Mannequins were back and the laughs were there. I didn't get the "wine & cheese" tune, but the new material was really rock. With the Mannequins putting more power and heaviness into their songs, you just can't lose. Beez was sporting his hot new bass from Toronto, Brad was pounding on a bare minimum kit and of 'Shy was just plain happenin'. The bonus as always was having Master Deez as a guest on stage in the first few tunes. There should have been a lot more people, but at least the babes were a-dancin' and a-groovin'. I couldn't help but do my own thing either with songs that good. Middle of the week lame-oss can go to hell. An hour and a bit show is not nearly enough for this kind of original, jump up and down talent. **Kevin McCandless**

THE ACCUSED The Underground, Beilington Saturday 8 December

Beilington's scene can be summed up in one hyperbated word: in-breeding. As we descended the stairs into the rec-room like, all-ages Underground we were bowled over to find we'd discovered the missing link, and that was just the opening band. As the crowd head-banged to some generic speed metal crap highlighted only by occasional SOB-type lyrics from the bassist. Definitely no rocket scientists in attendance. The Accused, however, are one of the few bands who walk the speed metal fence on the side of good. Their set was lower than I've ever seen before, more like a practice session, but they still played all the good stuff like "Takemy Time," "Fuckin' 4 Bucks," and much newer stuff from their latest, "Grinning like an Undertaker." Intense crunchin' tightness! A highlight was "Straight Razor," a brand new tune taken from a forthcoming EP. Fronted by the always spastic Blaine Accused, the shortest growl-

er around barring Glenn "I am standing up" Danzig. The Accused cooked so hard it was worth driving to nowhereville just to see them. **Bruno**

THE WONGS PD's Hot Shop Sunday 9 December

How 'bout dem Wongs! With the Hog right behind them, the Wongs are the best band rock band in Vancouver. They're nice guys too. With Christmas coming 'round, the Wongs put on a free all-agers show at PD's. The place was 90% full for the 14-show, hour-long concert. With no stage between the band and the crowd, it was nice to see that nothing was badly bumped or knocked over in spite of the thrashing going on. The band was in good spirits with "Joe bass guy" wearing a Christmas cracker crown. "Kevin guitar guy" pulling a lot of good facials and "Joe drummer guy" doing a lot of smiling and head banging. The Chi-man was an usual full of moves. You just can't get a better front man than that. He jumps, he's in your face, and has a cool voice to boot. Totopit off, at the beginning of "Mold Collection," he got himself passed around the front half of the crowd for a while. Pig Master getting old! No fuckin' way! Despite a pee-wee sound system, the sound was great. The raw feeling was a really nice change. The Elephant on New Years is going to be great! **Kevin McCandless**

JANE'S ADDICTION, PIXIES, PRIMUS PNE Forum Monday 10 December

I went to see Jane's Addiction but the Pixies stole my heart. Their trance-like stares hypnotized the hell out of me as they played with an intensity that is hard to be taken lightly by. Don't get me wrong, the other two bands were more than interesting, but wow...the Pixies were awesome! **Angie Finley**

SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS : LEONARD WHISTLER



JANE'S ADDICTION : LUDIA SCHYMANSKY

GAS HUFFER : JOSEPH NATA

some.

Primus was already swinging when I arrived. They were pretty funky, surprisingly, because their album isn't really. Just goes to show you how a Memorex replica can affect a habit. I have been deceived.

The Pixies, as aforementioned, just blew me away. The crowd, hot and cattle-like, swayed rhythmically to their sometimes fast, sometimes slow, sometimes... ethereal tunes. I really enjoyed this band except for one aspect: the Barbie in bondage hanging from the drumset.

Interior decorators from hell set the stage for Jane's Addiction. Christmas lights and various items of woodoo idolatry were strung and placed all over. It looked pretty neat, actually. But the band was not as super-energetic as I had expected. The floor was one thrashing mass. The smell of blood, sweat, and probably tears was overwhelming even if the band wasn't. After spending approximately ten minutes trying to get out of the slam pit, I was back so far that I couldn't see them much anymore anyway.

All in all, the gig was a major happening but Jane's Addiction could have tried a little harder. **Angie Finley**

JUNKFLESH : AFTERMATH (BEFORE)

OKAY, OKAY, A LOTTA YOU SHITS OUT THERE BIN BITCHIN',
"WELL, IT'S REELIN' COOL, BUT WHAT THE FUCK'S BIN GOIN'
ON?" AWRIGHT - THERE WAS, IS A STORY LINE, BUT
IT'S EFFIN' HARD TO FOLLOW, WITH ONE PAGE A MONTH.
SO, FROM NOW ON, NO STORY, JUST 'VIGNETTES'. ARE
YA ALL BIKIN' HAPPY NOW?



THIS IS A GIRL?



YOU DICKLESS MORONS!
I'M TANKED 'N' READY!



ARROOOO!!!



WELL, NOW THAT WE HAVE THAT
CLEARED UP, I WANNA TOAST
AN ABSENT FRIEND.



TO JUNKFLESH, MAY SHE, HIM, OR IT, HAVE
LOTS OF FUN ON THE ROAD, AND MAYBE
WRAP THEMSELVES AROUND A TELEPHONE
POLE.



GLUG GLUG GLUG



BOSS SEE YEM MAKIN' AN ASS
OF YOURSELF. SEE TO THROW
YEEZ OUT.



PER.



REALLY...

URP.

REALLY.

NOW.



OH, WHY'NT YOU

RALL-

PAPPA

GOLICK



OH, GROSS!
MY NEW
SHIRT...

WUMP

SOHE



WUMP

SOHE



DISEASED COW
RUSBY

BLACK NID
SAG OOOOO

OW

SIBBLE



YA GOOF

HYDROCEPHALATED
JACK MORON

HAR.



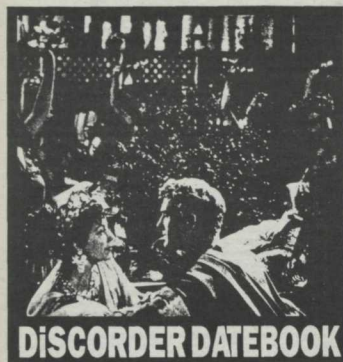
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THAT
TO SOME GREAT OAF... FEELS GOOD.

BETCHA DINT THINK I COULD
HOLD MY ALCOHOL SO WELL.

BUT WILL YOU STILL RESPEC' ME
INNA MORNIN'?



UM, YEAN... OH WELL, SO MUCH FOR DEPTH AND
SENSITIVITY, BUT I THINK THIS IS THE LAST
TIME WE'RE GONNA SEE THAT KOOKY SDOGES
SLAPSTICK... NEXT WEEK, OR, UM, MONTH, WELL,
WHATEVER... THE WRITER.



DISORDER DATEBOOK

- 1 TUESDAY** CITR World Beat Night at the Pit Pub... Sylvia Grace Banda exhibit at AMS Art Gallery... **First Night Art Walk** continues in North Vancouver... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 2 WEDNESDAY** CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Ted Polkinghorne exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Sylvia Grace Banda exhibit at AMS Art Gallery... **Tom, The Piper's Son** at Presentation House... **Hosanna** at the Vancouver Playhouse... **First Night Art Walk** continues in North Vancouver... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 3 THURSDAY** CITR Cool Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Ted Polkinghorne exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Hank Williams - **The Show He Never Gave** at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Tom, The Piper's Son** continues at Presentation House... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **First Night Art Walk** continues in North Vancouver... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 4 FRIDAY** Bad Religion and Coffin Bait at the Town Pump... Nutcracker Cincinnati Ballet continues at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... Hank Williams - **The Show He Never Gave** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Tom, The Piper's Son** continues at Presentation House... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **First Night Art Walk** continues in North Vancouver... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 5 SATURDAY** Green House and The Catherine Wheel at the Town Pump... Nutcracker Cincinnati Ballet continues at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... Hank Williams - **The Show He Never Gave** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Ted Polkinghorne exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...

- First Night Art Walk** continues in North Vancouver... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 6 SUNDAY** Slayer and Testament at the PNE Forum... Nutcracker Cincinnati Ballet continues at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... Ted Polkinghorne exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Comic Book swap meet** at Heritage Hall...
- 7 MONDAY** Drivers, Sally Can't Dance and the Finks at the Town Pump... CITR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Ted Polkinghorne exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 8 TUESDAY** Charles on Charges with T.K. Ripper at the Town Pump... CITR World Beat Night at the Pit Pub... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 9 WEDNESDAY** Ultramarines at the Town Pump... Paul Simon at the Pacific Coliseum... Slayer and Testament at the PNE Forum... CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 10 THURSDAY** Evil Twin at the Town Pump... Hank Williams - **The Show He Never Gave** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... CITR Cool Thursdays at the Pit Pub... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 11 FRIDAY** Alice in Chains at the Town Pump... AC/DC at the Pacific Coliseum... Hank Williams - **The Show He Never Gave** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 12 SATURDAY** T1Racer at the Town Pump... AC/DC at the Pacific Coliseum... Dirty Dozen Brass Band at the WISE Club... Hank Williams - **The Show He Never Gave** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 13 SUNDAY** Soul Survivors at the Town Pump... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 14 MONDAY** Locas at the Town Pump... CITR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... P!ano Power IV at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Marian Penner Bancroft** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **What Does She Want?** a compilation exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 15 TUESDAY** Boomies, Grams Brothers, Medusa's Ralt, R.M.I at the Town Pump... CITR World Beat Night at the Pit Pub... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 16 WEDNESDAY** Kelly Brook with Y-Kent at the Town Pump... CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 17 THURSDAY** CITR Cool Thursdays at the Pit Pub... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit

- continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... Lola MacLaughlin Dance presents **Civilizations and the Great Rivers of History (Part 1)** at the Canada Place...
- 18 FRIDAY** The Last Wild Sons at the Town Pump... Music and Text at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Francis Horta Quintet** at the Glass Slipper... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 19 SATURDAY** Poison at the Pacific Coliseum... Barney Bessell and the Legendary Hearts at 86th Street Music Hall... Music and Text continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Credence of Habit** at the Glass Slipper... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 20 SUNDAY** John McLaughlin at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 21 MONDAY** CITR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Vancouver International Card Show at Robson Square Conference Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 22 TUESDAY** Graffiti with Alan Hammer at the Town Pump... CITR World Beat Night at the Pit Pub... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 23 WEDNESDAY** Dead Head Cool and Purple City at the Town Pump... CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Steven Lay at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 24 THURSDAY** CITR Cool Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Gary Fjellgaard at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 25 FRIDAY** The Toasters at the Town Pump... The Pursuit of Happiness at the Breakers... Gary Fjellgaard continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Jay Clayton and James Knapp Collective** at the Glass Slipper... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... The Royal Canadian Air Force at the Massey Theatre...
- 26 SATURDAY** She Stole My Beer at the Town Pump... The Pursuit of Happiness at the Breakers... Gary Fjellgaard continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Jay Clayton and James Knapp Collective** at the Glass Slipper... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 27 SUNDAY** Oh Yeah at the Town Pump... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Ralph Towner and Denny Goodnow** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 28 MONDAY** Ferron at the Breakers... CITR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Vancouver Secondary Schools present **Theatre Festival** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 29 TUESDAY** CITR World Beat Night at the Pit Pub... Vancouver Secondary Schools present **Theatre Festival** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...
- 30 WEDNESDAY** She at the Town Pump... CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Vancouver Secondary Schools present **Theatre Festival** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse... Discover Dance presents **Margie Gillis** at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery...
- 31 THURSDAY** Thomas Trio and the Red Albinos at the Town Pump... CITR Cool Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Vancouver Secondary Schools present **Theatre Festival** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Katrina Thorsen** exhibit continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Michael Speier** exhibit continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery... **Hosanna** continues at the Vancouver Playhouse...

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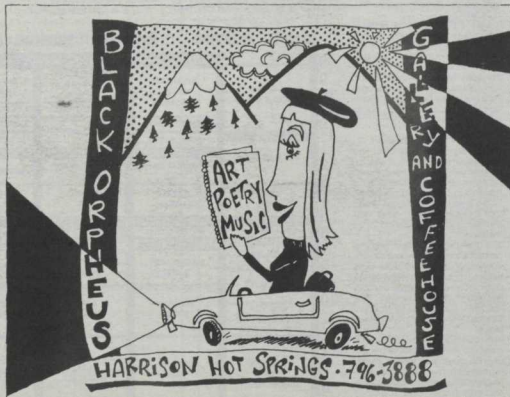
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STUDY UP

ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC 10:00AM-12:00PM The newest new music and information on concerts, recordings, composers with Ian Cutler.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 1:30-5:30PM Reggae with George Barrett.

THE SUNDAY NEWS MAG 5:00-5:30PM Coverage and news from the CBC News plus news and sports, daily editorial commentary, entertainment reviews and reports on events here in UBC.

HEARST SAT 6:00-6:01PM CTR's literary arts program gives you to submit your works for on-air performance or reading.

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS/DECOMPOSITIONS 8:00-9:00PM From the global cultures of resistance hosted by Horacio de la Cueva, attending Sundays with De-Compositions.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Egan and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political resistance guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two CDS. Originally broadcast on KJIC (Los Angeles, California).

THE MORNING SHOW

7:30-8:15AM From the famous stein to the notorious ABC Radio News, wake up with the CTR Morning Show. News, sports, weather and "science view" reports, features, entertainment reviews and Alberta gap clips.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brothers James and Peter offer a sassy blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly eclectic blend of out-of-the-box tunes and enjoy each week's hottest hits and new releases.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

MEKANIKAL OBJECT NOISE 1:15-3:00PM JUNE Best techno releases (on no particular schedule) from Skinny Puppy, Too Dark Park (Netwerk), 2. Frontline Assembly, Cosmic Grip (Third Mind), Haze Ebb + Flow (Capitol/Enigma), 4. Revolving Circle - Reen, Steers + Queens (Cargo/Warlock), 5. The Secret - Mytha (Netwerk), 6. Lead into Gold - Age of Reason (Cargo/Warlock), 7. ...

Another World (Anti-Subway), 8. Cyberkitt - Tempus 121 (Cargo/Warlock), 9. My Life With the Thin Red Line - Confessions of a Knife (Cargo/Warlock), 10. Noise Unit - Frequency Response (Anti-Subway).

BOXER SHORT BOYZ 7:00-9:00PM Wear boxer shorts and walk with confidence. Jeremy Broadway and Garnet Timothy Hays alternate weeks.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-awesome Gabriel Wainer. Features:

7th. Alura - Miles Davis' most important album of the past decade. Fare out off by Dave's post-70s recordings ought to lend an ear to this one. Down Beat's Album of the Year.

14th. John's Care of Business, an important but very rare album by the late Charlie Rouse. It was recorded while Rouse's exceptional Rouse was Thelonious Monk's right-hand man and a hard-picked group that includes trumpet giant Blue Mitchell and Walter Bishop Jr. at the piano.

21st The Sound of Jazz was the name of the most famous recording of this music. Four days before the actual shooting of the participants gathered at Columbia Records studios and played. Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Max Waldron, Coleman Hawkins, et al. A masterpiece.

28th Dynasty is Jackie McLean's latest album. The great saxophonist playing as well or better than he did in the 50s and 60s. With highest praise from the critics, McLean (tenor and soprano) Jackie's son.

29th Dynasty is Jackie McLean's latest album. The great saxophonist playing as well or better than he did in the 50s and 60s. With highest praise from the critics, McLean (tenor and soprano) Jackie's son.

30th Dynasty is Jackie McLean's latest album. The great saxophonist playing as well or better than he did in the 50s and 60s. With highest praise from the critics, McLean (tenor and soprano) Jackie's son.

31st Dynasty is Jackie McLean's latest album. The great saxophonist playing as well or better than he did in the 50s and 60s. With highest praise from the critics, McLean (tenor and soprano) Jackie's son.

32nd Dynasty is Jackie McLean's latest album. The great saxophonist playing as well or better than he did in the 50s and 60s. With highest praise from the critics, McLean (tenor and soprano) Jackie's son.

33rd Dynasty is Jackie McLean's latest album. The great saxophonist playing as well or better than he did in the 50s and 60s. With highest praise from the critics, McLean (tenor and soprano) Jackie's son.

34th Dynasty is Jackie McLean's latest album. The great saxophonist playing as well or better than he did in the 50s and 60s. With highest praise from the critics, McLean (tenor and soprano) Jackie's son.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

11:00-1:00PM Country music to inspire the cowboy off your boots to. With yer hot pole girl Jerry.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3:00-5:00PM Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insight into the artist and the life of the newest Canadian music.

B.C. FOLK 5:00-7:00PM The thoughts and music of B.C. folk artists, hosted by Paul Walden.

AVANT FIG 7:00-9:00PM Avant-garde thruggerly with Pete Lulwiche. First Tuesday each week.

WOLF AT THE DOOR 9:00PM-12:00AM The latest in dance music and interesting, dramatic, sexy and week. With Lupus Yonderboy.

MY HEAD'S THROBBING

8:15-10:00AM In a world where there will be recordings from the UBC School of Music on the first show of the month. Otherwise, the usual sh!t. Hosted by Paul Walden.

LIVE FROM VENUS 10:00-11:00AM Live from Venus with Jane Ray.

SWINGIN' SINGLES 11:00AM-12:00PM Do you like singles? I do. Join me Felicity Dunbar and I'll use the rubber each week.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZ 6:00-7:00PM Vocals of the Hot Rod and Scott Logan keep on deciding them Axi-Oh-Oh with hunkie a string cheese.

JIGGLE 7:00-9:00PM 10:00-11:00PM 2. Dicksies 4. 3. Dicksies live. 4. Dicksies our buddies. 5. (Cauli Bepth) waitress. Atlanta the reason to go out. 6. We finally realize you just can't hate enough. 7. Some guy asking us if we want to smoke a "doodle" at the Monsters of Rock Festival in Finland. 8. The re-emergence of the "Rubenque" figure. 9. Joey Jeremiah gets naked. 10. Joe Howard. 11. Joe Howard. 12. Joe Howard. 13. Joe Howard. 14. Joe Howard. 15. Joe Howard. 16. Joe Howard. 17. Joe Howard. 18. Joe Howard. 19. Joe Howard. 20. Joe Howard. 21. Joe Howard. 22. Joe Howard. 23. Joe Howard. 24. Joe Howard. 25. Joe Howard. 26. Joe Howard. 27. Joe Howard. 28. Joe Howard. 29. Joe Howard. 30. Joe Howard. 31. Joe Howard. 32. Joe Howard. 33. Joe Howard. 34. Joe Howard. 35. Joe Howard. 36. Joe Howard. 37. Joe Howard. 38. Joe Howard. 39. Joe Howard. 40. Joe Howard. 41. Joe Howard. 42. Joe Howard. 43. Joe Howard. 44. Joe Howard. 45. Joe Howard. 46. Joe Howard. 47. Joe Howard. 48. Joe Howard. 49. 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THE GREATEST

Twisted Moon	Divine (Carnamed Disc)
Various Artists - Compilation	Another World (Antler Subway)
Front Line Assembly	Caustic Grip (Third Mind)
Ferrari	Phantom Centre (ASM/Chameleon)
Noise Unit	Response Reverberation (Antler Subway)
Skinny Puppy	Too Dark Park (Network)
Williams, Burroughs	Dead City Radio (MCA/Island)
Polina idea	Feel the Darkness (American Leather)
Squidcore	What else? (Popluma)
Gang of Four	A Brief History of the Twentieth Century (WEA)
Pogues	He's Ditch (MCA/Island)
Sammy Davis Jr.	Decca Years (MCA/Decca)
Deleuze	Synthesizer (Deleuze)
Tanktop	House of Beauty (Julia)
A Split Second	Kiss of Fury (Caroline/Antler Subway)
Fastbacks	Very, Very Powerful Motor (Popluma)
Echo & the Bunnymen	Science and the Witchdoctor (Ras/Arila)
Jack Butcher	Cult of the Basement (PolyGram/Creation)
Waterboys	Room to Room (MCA/Chrysalis)
Charlatons	Some Friendly (PolyGram/Situation 2)
Mad Professor	Science and the Witchdoctor (Ras/Arila)
Daniel Scherl & Kara	The Secret of Twitch (Carnamed Disc)
Inspirational Carpets	Life (WEA/Mute)
Kode IV	Possessed (Cargo/KIX)
Cocteau Twins	Heil or Las Vegas (PolyGram/4AD)
Evene Cervinka	Running Sacred (Capitol/Rhino)
Mad Professor	Mad Professor Captures Polo Nation (Ras/Arila)
Sisters of Mercy	The Dancing Years (MCA/Island)
Shriekback	Blat the Human Flower (WEA/Sire)
Danielle Dax	Weather Out the Storm (ASM)
Foggy Duff	Greatest Hits, So Far (ASM/Virgin)
Public Image Ltd.	Holy Word (Caroline)
Various Artists - Compilation	Frizzle Fry (Caroline)
Primus	Call the Ambulance Before I Hurt Myself (Network)
Hill	Heart 23 (WEA/DGC)
Posies	Alan (PolyGram/4AD)
Dead Can Dance	Null (Nevermore/Six)
Copernicus	What We Believe (Epitaph)
Insted	The Third Mind (Third Mind)
Various Artists - Compilation	God, Guns & Guts (Big Chief)
Agony Column	Days of Wild Skies (Meatline)
Ext Condition	Purple Night (ASM)
Sun Ra	What a Precocious (Meatline)
Sofa Head	Vanilla Festival (Green Line)
Blowblaze	Self (ASM/Virgin)
Yousabou N'Dour	Multikult (ASM)
Don Cherry	As Kosher as They Wanna Be (Last Productions)
2 Live Jives	The Razor's Edge (WEA/Alco)
AC/DC	Stap! (Touch & Go/Southern)
Chumbawamba	Hard to Believe (C/D)
Various Artists - Compilation	Turned Out (Touch & Go/Triple Star)
Crime and the City Solution	Paradise Discotheque (WEA/Elektra)
Monstrey	Bona Drag (WEA/Reprise)
Maska B	Bubble Culture (Ras/Arila)
Lard	Lat Temptation of Red (Alternative Tentacles)
Darling Budd	Crawdad (CBS)
Soul Asylum	And the Horse Ride on (ASM/Twin/Tone)
Mr. Experience	Making Things with Light (Lookout)
Intelligent Hoodlum (ASM)	Hindu Love Gods (WEA/Giant)
Hindu Love Gods	Sod Astrology (Dr. Dream)
Eggplant	The Playhouse (Touch Sound)
Sinner Box	Out of Major (V.I.S.A.)
Various Artists - Compilation	Gala (PolyGram/4AD)
Lush	Red, Hot & Blue (MCA/Chrysalis)
Various Artists - Compilation	Where the Pyramid Meets (WEA/Sire)
Acid Eaters	Griming Like a Cat (Network)
Howkwind	The Xenon Complex (Enigma)
The Barracudas	Complete EMI Recordings (Capitol)
Kofi	Black... with Sugar (Ras/Arila)
Tommye Dream	Marked for Death (MCA/Island)
Various Artists - Soundtrack	Le Cid Lezard (Carnamed Disc)
Gabor G. Kristof	Fire (ASM/Virgin)
Inner City	Sod Astrology (Dr. Dream)
Intelligent Hoodlum (ASM)	Sugar Plow (New Page)
Daddy HeaBox	God, Guns & Gasoline (Cargo/KIX)
Car Rapes Dog	The Release (Epic)
Mahavoc	Soldiers of Misfortune (Fringe)
Sacred	Texas Voodoo Spirit (Rumble Cat)
Velvet Lightning	The Rock - Original Score (Rough Trade)
Velvet Monkeys	Stomp and Shout and Work it Out (Dough)
Grat Trouble	Black Angel (WEA/Elektra)
Kony Quartzel	Mama Said Knock You Out (CBS/Def. Jam)
LL Cool J	Seasons in the Abyss (Geffen/Def. American)
Slayer	Can't Get No Grindin' (MCA/Ches)
Muddy Waters	AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted (Rhino/Priority)
Joe Cuba	Taste of Chocolate (WEA/Reprise)
Bad Daddy Kane	Kinphorse (Caroline)
Kinghorne	Heil Toupe (Heil Toupe)
Various Artists - Compilation	The Devil Made Me Do (Tommy Boy)
Coup De Grace	Cajun Volume One (CBS)
Waco D	Coup De Grace (Red Decade)
God's Acre	The Biggest Trio (CBS)
Muslini Headkick	Ten Gospel Greeds (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Afros	Blood on the Rag (ASM/Virgin/Caroline/PAS)
	Kickin' Attila (CBS/Ras/Julia)



CHARLES

Not for anger and despair, but for peace and a kind of home
- suicide note of Lewis Hill, founder of KPFA Berkeley, 1957

Public Enemy	...Fear of a Black Planet (CBS/Def. Jam)
Various Artists	Oh God My Mom's on Channel 10 (Northwest)
Breathers	Pod (PolyGram/4AD)
Various Artists	Like a Girl, I Want You to Keep Coming (Gloria)
Various Artists	Another World (Antler Subway)
Coffin Break	Rapture (C/D)
Urban Dance Squad	Mental Floss for the Globe (BMG/Arista)
Consolidated	Myth of Black (Network)
Mullingaze	Infatix (Extreme)
608 State	90 (WEA/IT)
Various Artists	Object 4 (Ladd-Firth)
Spill of the West	Save This House (WEA/Sire)
Boogie Down Productions	Edutainment (BMG)
Jello Biafra & McNeacore	Last Scream of... (Alternative Tentacles)
The Fall	Extricate (PolyGram/Cog Sister)
Uywyb Ushoth	Be? (Concrete/Finpoint)
Various Artists	Terminal City Ricochet (Alternative Tentacles)
Single Brothers	Dance by the Force of Nature (Antler Subway)
Cocteau Twins	Heaven or Las Vegas (PolyGram/4AD)
Touchhead	Friendly As a Hand Grenade (MCA/TVT)
Uzume Talk	Chishiki (Festival/Azusa Tradition)
Various Artists	The Youth Are Getting Real (Gloria)
Clock DVA	Buried Dreams (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Bob's Your Uncle	Two of Two Legs (Dr. Dream)
Various Artists	This is the New Beat (PolyGram)
Boo-Yaz T.R.I.B.E.	New Funky Nation (MCA/Island/H&B & Way)
Cateenual	Potent Hue (MCA/IRS)
Moer	Head Down (Network)
Gwar	Scumdogs of the Universe (WEA/Metal Blade)
Rightleg	Phone Say (Banar)
Dead Milkmen	Melaphysical Graffiti (Capitol/Enigma)
The Squirrels	What Guess? (Popluma)
The Residents	The King and I (Capitol/Enigma)
Angels	Seasons in the Abyss (WEA/Geffen/Def. American)
Nitzer Ebb	Showtime (WEA/Geffen)
Slim Kleimer Orchestra	Of Angels and Horses (Northeast)
Fastbacks	Very, Very Powerful Motor (Popluma)
Acid Eaters	Can... Powers, Telephone (BMG)
Heil "Scratch" Penny	From the Secret Laboratory (MCA/Island)
Boastard	Bloodstar (Red Decade/Desert Engine)
Strawberry Twix	To the East, Blackwaders (MCA/Alth & Bway)
X Clan	Sexual Roulette (MCA/Due Street)
Art Bergmann	Murder (Alternative Tentacles)
D.O.A.	Sink (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Foetus Inc.	Plunderphonics (Fun)
John Oswald	10 (CBS/Epic)
Strangers	Submarine Bells (WEA/Sire)
Chris Johnson	House of Beauty (Julia)
Tanktop	Glue (Six Pop)
The Fluid	People's Instinctive Travels and... (BMG/Jive)
Yakke	Birds of Passage (Network)
Bel Canion	Reading, Writing, Arithmetic (WEA/Touch Tones)
The Sundays	Pretty Hate Machine (MCA/TVT)
Nine Inch Nols	Head Trip (Ras/Julia)
Shinehead	The Real Rock (WEA/Elektra)
Attila the Stockbroker	Tues July 4th - The Rival (Arista/Arila)
Excel	The Joker on You (ASM/Caroline)
Neigh	Heil Toupe (Heil Toupe)
Rhino/Hitchcock	Eye (Twin/Tone)
H.O.V.	Sex, Drugs & Violence (CBS/Isba)
Scout Youth	Go (WEA/DGC)
Yakke	Acquia (Musica/Musica)
Barmy Army	The English Disease (On-U)
Paul Schutze	Deus Ex Machina: The Soundtrack (Extreme)
Revoluting Cocks	Beens, Steers & Queens (Cargo/Wax Trax)

Metallica	"Stone Cold Crazy" CD-Single (WEA/Elektra)
Y.B.U.	"Keep It Up" 12" (Carnamed/SBS)
Coffin Break	"Lies" 7" (Sub Pop)
Pegboy3	Three Chord Monie 12" EP (Touch & Go/I/Slick)
Front Line Assembly	"Provision" 12" (Third Mind)
KMFDM	"Goddie" 12" (Wax Trax)
Primal Scream	"Come Together" Maxi-CD (WEA/Sire)
Pop Will Eat Itself	"Dance of the Mad" Maxi-CD (BMG)
Metal Beat Machine	"Hells" 12" (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Skinny Puppy	"Tombstone" Maxi-CD (Network)
Copping Day	"Post No Bids" CD (Popluma)
Derech	"Milly Maker" 7" (Sub Pop)
Phoebes	"Jesus Lives in Las Vegas" 12" (Fringe Gang/Julia)
Garlic Boys	"Garlic Boys" 7" EP (Public Bath/Alchemy)
KLF	"What Time is Love" 12" (Wax Trax)
MC Drastic	"Grab a Hold of Yourself" 12" (Scorpio)
Possie Note	"Toussaint" Maxi-CD (Antler Subway)
Happy Mondays	"Kinky Afro" CD-Single (WEA/Elektra)
Profax	"Profax" 7" EP (Far Out)
Smelly Gumbas	"Fmmuuuuuuee" 7" EP (Far Out)
Scapellato Confidence	"Colour in My Mind" 12" (Overage/Rabbit)
Various Artists - Compilation	Japan Bashing Volume 2 (Public Bath)
Young Fresh Fellows	"Divorce #9" 7" (Popluma)
Noise Unit	"Agitate" 12" (Antler Subway)
Onionade Hatoba	"Sue In Ur Ur" 7" (Public Bath)
Touchhead	"Dangerous Sex" 12" (SBK)
Miscat	"Miscat" 7" EP (Far Out)
Lush	"Giving Away" 7" EP (PolyGram/4AD)
Liberty Boys	"Childhood Memories" 12" (Deleuze)
Bevis Frond	"Eat Song" 12" (Reckless)
A Tribe Called Quest	"Can I Kick It?" 12" (BMG)
TV Noise	"Ivory" 7" EP (Boss Luv)
Alghon Whigs	"Sister Brother" 7" (Sub Pop)
Cos Assault	"Action" 12" (Technika)
N.W.A.	"100 Miles and Runnin'" 12" (Cargo/Ruthless)
Buffalo Soldiers	"Black and Tan" 12" (Epic)
Blitzkrieg Boys	"Blitzkrieg Boys" 7" EP (Seasick)
Hairy Chalko	"When Angels Are in Town" 7" (Heute/L.O.O.)
Chikara	"Jesus Was a Capricorn" 7" EP (Chikara)
Believes in S.F.	"Magic of the Moon" 12" (Network)
Love & Respect	"Love & Respect" 7" EP (Paranormal)
Captain Y's & the...	"Rock 'n' Roll Paper Route" 7" (Heart Punch)
E.U.	"1 Confess" 12" (ASM/Virgin)
Don Academy	"The End" 12" (WEA/Reprise)
Dr. Lateness	"Rivers of Passion" 12" (Future Image)
Cathy Giffart	"Need" 12" (Pete Davies/Productions)
The Next School	"Proffits of Unity" 12" (Chrysalis)
The King of Oaklawn	"Gimme Love Me" 7" (CD)
Bordline	"Unseen" 7" EP (Conversion)
Badtown Boys	"Borrowed Time" 7" (Dysrhyth)

SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTS 03-0

The Picasso Set	"Betrayed by Rita Hayworth" (from three-track demo)
Chikara	"Chikara" (from Rita Hayworth)
Bruc & the Secular Atravels	"I Know What I've Done" (from three-track demo)
Jonestown Punch	"My Tribe" (from Swank on This)
Masculine Ritual	"Evis Wade" (from Money Grubber)
"Gallop"	"Gallop" (from Money Grubber)
The Azure	"Jehstrea" (from Jehstrea)
Wiggy J.	"Ode to Dante" (from Ode to Dante)
Mother Sun	"Into the Body" (from Sanctuaries)
Reversee Manson	"Red Doctor" (from demo)
Biosphere	"Not a Love Song" (from one-track demo)
Captain Crunch	"You Don't Exist in Trans" (from demo)
E.L.Bruce	"Helduse" (from demo)
Atchison	"Freedom of Speech" (from Freedom of Speech)
Shoe Business Giants	"Love Sick" (from The Benevolent Horn)
P.F.	"Hitchhiking to Oregon" (from Bantam of the Bantam)
Little Big Man	"She's Dead" (from demo)
Unseen Steps	"Choices" (from demo)
Edible Pumpkins	"Desert Wind" (from Pumpkin Rock)
Scattered First Doughter	"Open Fire" (from one-track demo)
Watch Children	"Nothing Happening..." (from nine-track demo)
Falling Spots	"Take" (from one-track demo)
Helen Gorne	"Walk out of the Edge" (from four-track demo)
Hum Beyond	"Bumkiss" (from one-track demo)
Green Light	"Purely Ear-Rational" (from The Green Light)
New Beatles	"Centre of the Universe" (from Fanclub Tape #1)
Bacteria	"Your Tomorrow" (from Identification)
Sound Bulches	"Passing Glory" (from The Hills Are Alive)
Vascelmetals	"Men" (from Born in a Can)
The Faull	"People in Boxes" (from seven-track demo)
Rockaway Revue	"Let's Move You" (from two-track demo)
The Walltons	"Waiting" (from three-track demo)
Cherry Hogs	"Ain't Got the Keys to Your..." (from nine-track demo)
Crash Dummies	"Exercising the Demons" (from Greatest Hits Demo)
Margarita Quashetta	"La Distributrice" (from Original Demo)
Fair Americans	"Yourself" (from Food, Fols and Fun)
Ironing Pants Definitely	"Oil Pans" (from IPD)
Very Nervous System & Rockety	"Bummers" (from Multipleworks 10)
Primal Scream	"Helter Skelter" (from three-track demo)
Rattified Roosters	"67 Cadillac" (from Gel Witch)
Mini 100	"Mister Inbetween" (from five-track demo)
Decad Head Code	"Walling" (from three-track demo)
12 Mileline	"Suicide Ride" (from five-track demo)
Head Spring	"Ill State of Mind" (from eight-track demo)
Pork Queen	"Beaconed" (from From the Cain Told Sessions)
Group 9	"House of Pain" (from these songs)
Trembling Mirmies	"Dangerous Dan" (from Alive and Alone)
Small Man Syndrome	"The Way People..." (from three-track demo)
Picture Paintings	"So It Seems" (from demo)



She stood in the doorway watching the scene. The room was full of music, cigarettes, liquor, put and black pantyhose. A short, stubby Christmas tree sat dying in the corner, its needles surrounding the green tripod holding it up. Flashing coloured lights framed the exterior of the living room window. The fake snow piled in the corners and along the bottom of the window was dried and flaking off.

A girl in a tight black body dress was listening intently to Charlie on the couch, nodding and smiling at him; now and then laughing or asking him a question. He was wearing the tie she had given him for Christmas. It was long and wide with red, green and mustard paintbrush splashes. In a dream she had strangled him with one closely resembling it and she wasn't too surprised to find it in a second hand store on Christmas Eve.

Underneath the drooping mistletoe a couple was necking, their wet pink tongues flaking to public view every once in a while. Another couple moved together tightly, holding their knees in unison and turning in a slow circle even though the songs were fast. Andrea sat on top of a speaker supporting herself with her feet on the arm of a chair. She was drinking beer and talking to a boy with blond dreadlocks sitting in the chair. He kept looking at the naked space between the V of her shirt and blowing smoke in that direction.

She herself was pretty drunk. It seemed to be a rule of New Year's Eve parties. Get drunk so maybe you'll have a good time. She finished off her fourth beer and made her way to the kitchen through a hallway full of people. Phrases from conversations formed a monologue as she pushed by... *I am totally shocked that Marcia came out. She was going out with Dennis for years... No, but she said tattoos would improve her sex life... That was because I did three hits of acid that night... Isn't reality an independent entity?*

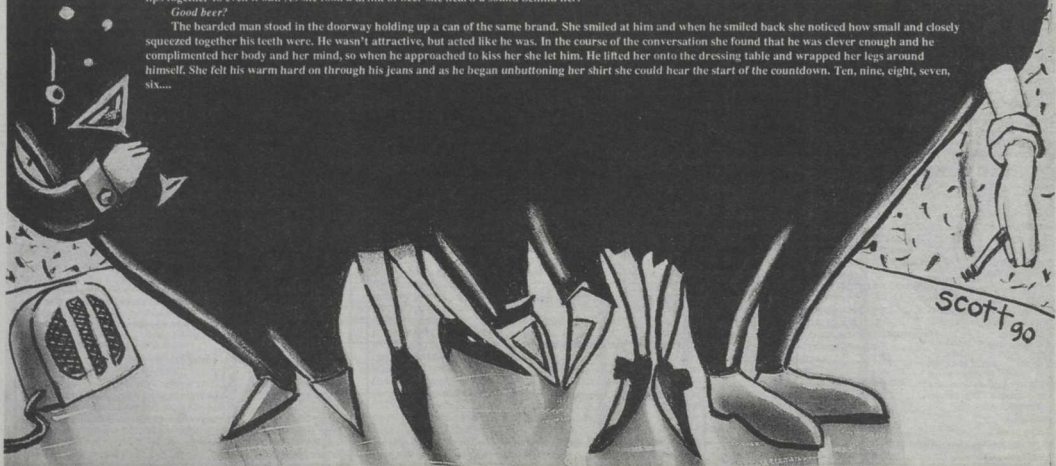
None of the beer that she and Charlie had brought was left in the fridge. He had splurged on English stout which she always thought tasted like soy sauce, but drank anyway. She decided to steal one from someone else and casually removed a can from its plastic ring.

She leaned against the cool refrigerator and watched a bearded man wearing a black turtleneck monopolize a conversation on American foreign political intervention. When another person interjected he looked right at her until she had to look away. She opened her beer, turning the tab to the left out of habit, and went up the back stairs.

It was dark upstairs and quiet. The floor vibrated from the music below as she walked around. She entered a room and turned on the light. It was a bedroom, very clean and simple, but smelled of stale cigarette smoke. She sat down at the dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror. Her face was flushed from the liquor and the curls that Andrea had styled were going flat. She applied a tube of Burgundy Lustre from a tray of make up and rubbed her lips together to even it out. As she took a drink of beer she heard a sound behind her.

Good beer?

The bearded man stood in the doorway holding up a can of the same brand. She smiled at him and when he smiled back she noticed how small and closely squeezed together his teeth were. He wasn't attractive, but acted like he was. In the course of the conversation she found that he was clever enough and he complimented her body and her mind, so when he approached to kiss her she let him. He lifted her onto the dressing table and wrapped her legs around himself. She felt his warm hand on through his jeans and as he began unbuttoning her shirt she could hear the start of the countdown. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six...



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